



The Grail



MADONNA OF THE GROTTA —Carl Mueller

THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family—national in scope—is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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CONTENTS

Editor's Page	99
Holy Grail Sonnets—The Loss of the Grail— (Poem)— <i>Dom Hugh Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.</i> ..	101
The Great Mystery of Our Faith— <i>Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.</i>	102
The Relics of St. Benedict— <i>Dom Louis Bouvilliers, O. S. B.</i>	104
My Offering—(Poem)— <i>Elizabeth Voss</i>	106
Lives Touching— <i>Mary E. Mannix</i>	107
St. Francis de Sales— <i>L. M. Stacpoole Kenny</i> ..	109
The Old House—(Poem)— <i>Nellie C. Magennis</i> ..	111
The Twilight Vale of Liberty— <i>James J. Deehan</i> ..	112
A Confirmed Bachelor— <i>John Talbot Lynch</i>	114
Visits to Mount Carmel— <i>Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B.</i>	117
Little Walks in Rome— <i>Nancy Buckley</i>	120
A Case of Bird Reasoning— <i>F. H. Sweet</i>	122
Midsummer—(Poem)— <i>M. E. Henry-Ruffin, L. H. D.</i> ..	122
Notes of General Interest	123
Benedictine Chronicle and Review— <i>Dom Louis Bouvilliers, O. S. B.</i>	125
Mother Goose—(Poem)— <i>Myrtle Conger</i>	127
Children's Corner— <i>Agnes Brown Hering</i>	128
Abbey and Seminary	132
Maid and Mother— <i>Clare Hampton</i>	135

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OBITUARY

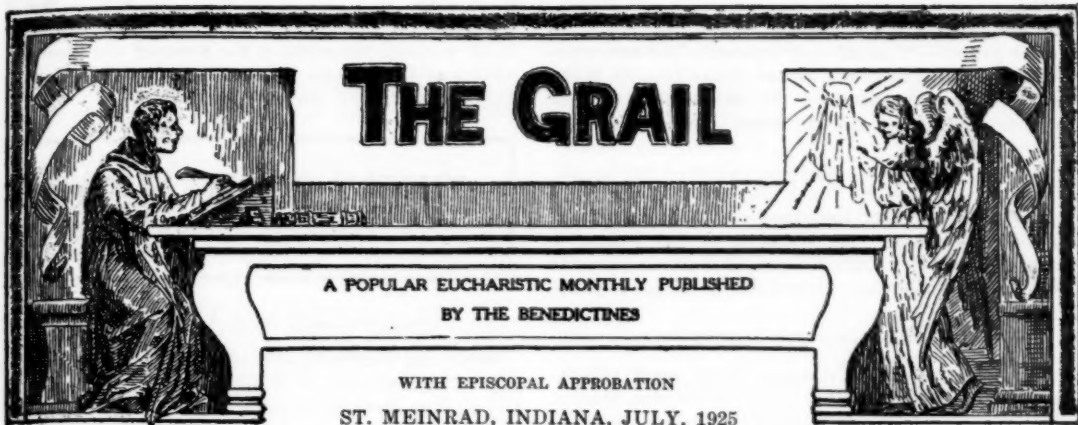
Rev. Sigisbert Zarn, O. S. B., St. Joseph Abbey, Covington, Louisiana; Rev. John Bohlson, Louisville, Kentucky; Mrs. Elizabeth Ketter, mother of Rev. Frederick Ketter, Evansville, Indiana.

Rev. Sigisbert Zarn, O. S. B., a monk of Einsiedeln, Switzerland, who spent the years 1880-1890 at St. Meinrad Abbey as novice master, closed his eyes in death on June 21st at St. Joseph Abbey, Covington, Louisiana, where he had spent the remainder of his years. In his declining years paralysis deprived him of the use of his limbs and made him entirely dependent on the services of others. Father Sigisbert was born Jan. 5, 1845, made his profession at Einsiedeln Sept. 8, 1863, and was ordained to the priesthood Sept. 13, 1868. R. I. P.

Between the Sun and the Silence

F. H. SWEET

Between the sun and the silence,
The work and the time for rest,
When the East is gray with shadow,
And light is leaving the West,
We take the thread of our weaving,
The way that our feet have trod,
And con a while ere leaving
Our work to the mercy of God.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Blessing from the Holy Father

The International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom, established at Vienna in September, 1920, with the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Piffi, who requested to be the first member enrolled, is now rounding out its fifth year. On his recent visit to Rome Cardinal Piffi called the attention of the Holy Father to the League. His Holiness showed great interest in this work of union, for which he has put forth many efforts; he asked for information regarding the League, and ended not only by praising the new endeavor and bestowing words of encouragement on it, but also by bestowing the Apostolic Benediction upon the League and upon all its members.

The Holy Father has the threefold object of the League greatly at heart (harmony among Catholics, the return of non-Catholic Christians to unity with Rome, and the conversion of all non-Christians). Now that the highest authority in the Church has spoken words in praise, and approval, of the League, may we not confidently hope that in the near future he will also grant a number of plenary and partial indulgences to promoters and members of the League. Although indulgences do not make the work more meritorious in the sight of God, yet they serve as sort of spiritual sweetmeats to entice us weak mortals to greater endeavors.

Statutes of the I. E. L.

OBJECT

The International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom is a religious association which recognizes in the Blessed Sacrament a very opportune means for effecting the union of Christendom, that is, the complete development of the Mystical Body of Christ. To this end the League endeavors to bring about (1) union among the Catholics of the whole world, (2) the reunion of Christians separated from the true fold, and (3) the conversion to the Catholic Church of all non-Christians.

MEANS TO ATTAIN THIS OBJECT

Chief means: the Mass and Holy Communion. Other means: promoting everywhere, and supporting, by prayer and self-denial, by the spoken and the written word, and by deeds this threefold movement for union.

OBLIGATIONS OF MEMBERS

The members of the International Eucharistic League will practice one of two degrees. Those who take the first degree will offer up each week for the threefold intention of the League at least one Mass heard and one Holy Communion received; members of the second degree will offer up at least one Mass and one Holy Communion a month. Priests who are members will celebrate for the intentions of the League at least one Mass a year *ad tollendum schisma*.

All members, whether priests or laymen, offer up each day all the Masses and the Holy Communions of the world for the union of Christendom as explained above. This offering can be made in one's own words, or the following formula may be used:

With Thee and through Thee, O Divine Savior, we offer up to Thy Heavenly Father all the Masses and Holy Communions of this day for union among the Catholics of the whole world, for the reunion of all Christians who are separated from us, and for the conversion of all non-Christians.

PROMOTERS

Promoters are those apostolic men and women, who, out of love for Our Savior in the Blessed Sacrament and for His Church, help to carry on the work of the International Eucharistic League by striving to make the League known and gain new members, whose addresses and alms they forward to the Rev. Director. Zealous men and women are invited to volunteer their services for this apostolic work.

It will be noticed that by its threefold object the League endeavors to accomplish that for which the

Savior prayed—"that all may be one." The headquarters for the League in the United States is at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Applications for membership may be made to the director, Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B.

July

The illustration on the front cover of THE GRAIL for July, known as "The Madonna of the Grotto," is from the brush of Carl Müller (1818-1893), a noted German artist who is renowned for his religious paintings.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

July, the month of the Precious Blood, opens with the feast of the Most Precious Blood which was shed to the last drop for the salvation of all men. For vast multitudes, however, these saving streams will have been shed in vain, for, either through ignorance or lack of good will, they will not apply it to their immortal souls. By good example and prayer all Christians can become missionaries and help win all men to Christ.

SCAPULAR FEAST

The Benedictine Order celebrates on July 11th the Solemnity of St. Benedict. Five days later is the commemoration of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, the scapular feast, which should be dear to every Catholic. All should cherish a deep love for the Blessed Mother of God and pride themselves in wearing the livery of Mary—the Brown Scapular.

OUR LADY OF EINSIEDELN

At St. Meinrad Abbey July 16th is also the feast of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, titular of the Abbey Church. The miraculous statue of Our Lady of Einsiedeln was a treasured possession of the hermit-monk, St. Meinrad, in his solitude on Mt. Etzel in Switzerland more than one thousand years ago. Down through the ages many thousands of pilgrims have wandered to Einsiedeln to pray and to lay their humble petitions at the feet of Mary in this her chosen sanctuary. The numerous ex-voto offerings that cover the walls of the famous holy chapel within the great abbey church bear witness to the many prayers that have been answered at this favored shrine. — In 1903 a replica of this miraculous statue was made at Einsiedeln for the new abbey church then in process of construction at St. Meinrad in the new world. Since the completion of this magnificent rock church, the statue has found an honored place in a chapel to the right as one enters the church. After Vespers each Saturday afternoon, according to the custom that has long prevailed at the Swiss mother house, so also at St. Meinrad in America, the monks proceed to this chapel to chant the *Salve Regina*.

SAINT ANNE

Another popular feast is that of St. Anne on July 26th. The memory of this great saint is cherished the world over. Churches and shrines have been erected

in all parts of the world to the honor of the venerated mother of the Blessed Virgin. Among others, Canada has her famous St. Anne de Beaupré.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

Human Life and Civilization

Many are wondering nowadays to what we are coming. They see man advancing by great leaps in scientific and intellectual attainments, in proper knowledge and care of the body, and in every form of material progress. Yet, side by side with this progress, there runs a fast decline in the value placed on human life. Popular attention is directed toward the advancement and good of society; whereas, attention to the individual is lessening. We fail to realize that society is made up of individuals; and that as the individual is, so also will society be. In other words, the view the world takes of the dignity and worth attached to each human being by its Creator, is being speedily distorted and obscured. A few examples will easily prove the point.

SENTIMENT

It is no exaggeration to say that our populace is one that is a pitiful slave of sentiment. Our newspapers,—supposed to be the expression of the popular mind, but which are more often merely the tools of the mighty few,—these especially suggest the direction which feeling and sentiment take. Let them but show that this style of hat or that color scheme of parlor adornment or another method of toasting wieners is just the thing, and millions of people immediately decide to cast off the old and to invest their hard earned or still harder borrowed dollars in the mad race to keep in style.

So, too, in the matter of sympathy for the suffering. Let popular attention and sentiment be brought to bear on some unfortunate infant in some remote corner of our vast possessions who happens to be without a sufficient supply of milk or to need a certain antitoxin in case of a disease, and we almost literally hold our breath till this needed supply is rushed thither by airplane or dog team,—all the while we fail to take note of our poor little three months old next door neighbor who is without all this and much more. At another time our newspapers will be filled with well padded columns of print and much photography concerning a man trapped alive in a cave. It is well that sympathy go out to this unfortunate individual; but it is not well that, while we make superhuman efforts to rescue him, we ignore the fact that thousands of miners are each day working under insufficient safety precautions and are everywhere making an unnecessary sacrifice of life and limb. No, sentiment alone will not give us the right perspective in our view of human life.

NOR WILL CULTURE OF MIND

This was proved in a fearful manner not long ago when a large group of men and women from all over the world met to promote that practice which is an abomination in the sight of the Most High, birth control. At this gathering there were representatives from practically every large non-Catholic university in the United States. No doubt these were men of brilliant educational attainments, yet they were met there in order to encourage the world in disregard of human life in its beginnings and to carry back to their institutions of learning this terrible poison and corruption. An education such as this is far from giving one a proper view of each man's dignity and right to live.

MUCH LESS WILL SELFISHNESS

What a sacrifice of human life has been made that the few might gain thereby. The thought of our last great war comes to mind, the thought of some terrible truths that are beginning to become known,—yet we will try to turn away from a judgment that is to be left for the day when He will come to weigh all men's deeds in His strict balance.

There are other instances close about us. We see in many places children and women and men working under inhuman conditions that the one or the other may grow rich. Again, step on to a city street or country highway and you are very often placing yourself at the mercy of that selfish fiend who, steering his car with wild abandon, reckons naught of others' safety if only he may have the thrill of speed and right of way.

What do our "crime waves" signify but the lowering of human life below the selfish desires of the criminal. Cold-blooded murders by hold-ups, gunmen, hi-jackers, and smugglers, with small fear of retaliation from a justice which is bound up and hampered by the multiplied hedgings and bypaths of legal artifice,—all this points to the same thing. It is the handwriting on the wall which requires no Daniel to spell out the ruin threatening our country, if the proper remedy be not soon applied.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

The remedy is a proper concept, God's concept, of the eternal, yes, nigh infinite, value of each human being. At the very beginning of each one's existence Almighty God places a creative act, the calling into being of a human soul, with properties and potentialities more wonderful than all the mere material universe put together. It is a soul which is capable of knowing God, of giving Him a fitting tribute of praise and adoration and love, and of living on eternally in union with God and perfect enjoyment of Him in heaven.

Looked upon in this light, which God Himself tells us is the only correct one, each human being, no matter how ignorant and poor and despicable he may seem, is yet worthy of higher regard than all the goods of this earth. This is the reason why those truest interpreters of God's mind, the Saints, have gone into the highways and byways of the world to gather in and cherish the blind, the lame, and the miserable; why today in pagan

lands noble religious are sacrificing themselves to retrieve the cast-off babes and garner them into the happy storehouse of Christ's kingdom; why it is that the Church can take but one stand on the subject of birth control and can never change that stand. Each human being has a soul, an immortal soul, a soul that is God's and must be brought to Him at all costs. Each man, woman, and child,—no matter how young or old or defective,—has a sacred right to life, to a life which can be disposed of only according to God's will. Hence, the taking of that life unjustly constitutes murder; and murder is ever a crime that cries to heaven for divine vengeance.

Victory for Our Schools

Every Catholic in this country should give fervent thanks to God for the victory which our parochial schools have won. Not only for this should we offer special thanks, but also for that one body of men who can and will judge of disputed points not in a view obscured by the agitation and hurry and partisanship which characterizes so much of our legislation today, but in the spirit of our supreme bill of rights, the Constitution, and in harmony with it.

PARENT'S RIGHTS

There is one thing which stands out prominently in this broad and comprehensive decision: it is the recognition by the supreme tribunal of our land of that law of nature and of God which proclaims that parents have the right to direct their children in their education and upbringing. "The fundamental law of liberty," it says, "upon which all governments in this Union repose, excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the State; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to

(Continued on page 127)

Holy Grail Sonnets

Dem Hugh Becenot, O. S. B., B. A.

6. The Loss of the Grail

No stars can glitter where the mists are dense,
No bird durst sing where rattlesnakes abound;
And when a soul in mortal sin is found,
The angels moan and whisper: "Let us hence."

Unto the Holy Chalice reverence
Was long shown by the knights of Table Round,
Till their fame spread beyond each frontier-bound;
And with renown came sin and negligence.

So on a moonless night an angel band,
The keepers of the Grail and of the Lance,
Went forth from Tintagel, and o'er the deep
Conveyed their treasure to some purer strand.—
Who now will stay the Saxon foe's advance
When souls are sunk in paralyzing sleep?

The Great Mystery of Our Faith

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

MR. Harrison had asked Father Gilbert to see the furnishings of his church. Father Gilbert, ever accommodating, took the greatest pains to explain all the details to his friend. On leaving the edifice, Mr. Harrison remarked: "Father, several times you bent your knee in church and gave as your reason the presence of God. Now, that has always been one of my objections to the Catholic church, the apparent worship of a piece of bread. How can a God be present under such a tiny form?"

"Well, Mr. Harrison, I respect you for your frankness. Perhaps I can answer your question partly by an incident which happened in Switzerland. I read the account only the other day. A farmer employed a hired hand who had seen a great deal of the world and had often worked among scoffers at the Catholic religion. Therefore he had practically lost his faith and didn't want to attend Sunday service, 'for,' said he, 'I can't understand how bread can be changed into the body of Christ.' His employer knew how to heal his wound. He pointed to a pile of ground on the meadow and said: 'Toni, you must work that ground; some of it you must make into cherries; another part you should change to apples, some of them sour and others sweet; a third part you are to convert into pears of seven different varieties; again, of another part I want corn, potatoes, and turnips; finally, what is left is to go into carnations and roses, for my wife wants some of them.'

"Toni laughed aloud and replied: 'Where in the world is the sorcerer that can do all that? Yes, if a person could change the earth so easily into fruit he would be the greatest wizard on earth.'

"Why, Toni, are you blind that you talk this way? Look at those trees in the meadow, at the corn in the field, and the flower stocks in the garden. Does not each one stand on the same soil and change in its own way the earth into flowers and fruits in a very short time? Do you think that our Lord cannot do more than every shrub and every stock of grass? Hasn't He the power to make changes quicker and better? How then can you doubt the miracle of transubstantiation? See here, Toni. If but a sin-

gle time you had used your head to think and not only to eat and to boast, you could never have called 'transubstantiation' in question."

"Toni dropped his head and shook out all silly unbelief and became once more a fervent Catholic."

"Father, what did he mean by 'transubstantiation'?"

"When one substance is changed into another we have what we call transubstantiation. However, we apply the word generally and almost exclusively to the changing of the bread and wine into the body and blood of the Lord in the Holy Eucharist. You know the words of our Lord from the Gospel: 'This is My body; this is My blood.'"

"Yes, but didn't people even in Christ's time find this a hard saying?"

"True, but without reason. Listen to what St. Cyril of Alexandria, who died in 444, answers those Jews. In his work on the Gospel of St. John, he says, regarding the words, *how can this man give us his flesh to eat?* 'Will you, O Jew, insist on your *how?* Then I, too, following the example of your ignorance, ask you: how did you come out of Egypt? How was the staff of Moses changed to a serpent? How were the waters of the streams converted into blood? How could you cross the sea on dry land? How did the



THIS IS MY BODY

wood thrown into the water make it sweet? How could the water issue forth from the rock to quench your thirst? How did the Manna fall from heaven to still your hunger? How did the waters of the Jordan stand still? How did the walls of Jericho come to fall in consequence of mere shouts? If in the face of so many miracles you want to come with your *how*, you rob Holy Scripture of its prestige and you overthrow the writings of all the prophets and even those Moses himself composed before them. It would have been more becoming, therefore, to believe Christ and to give to His words an unconditional assent than after the manner of intoxicated men to throw up the question: "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?"

"I may continue this line of argument and ask you further: How could water be changed

into the best wine at the marriage feast of Cana? How can a golden head of wheat grow out of a tiny grain? How can a cocoon be transformed into a beautiful butterfly? How can the food which we eat be assimilated to flesh and blood? How could the world come into existence out of nothing? Now this power which changed water into wine; which continues to effect and to work such wonderful things in nature; which in the beginning of time spoke the words, 'Let there be made,' and everything was made, this same power at Holy Mass employs the priest's tongue for the words of consecration. Should these words accomplish less now than those with which It created heaven and earth? Evidently you have imbibed false ideas regarding this matter."

"But don't you hold that at each one of your Masses Christ is created anew?"

"We believe no such thing. Christ, who exists, lives, and rules in His glorified body at the right hand of His heavenly Father, becomes present on the altar under the appearances of bread and wine at the moment of consecration."

"Then He must leave heaven."

"No, He doesn't abandon heaven, so that He ceases to exist there, but nevertheless He becomes present on the altar and that too on every altar where He is offered."

"There must, then, be more than one Christ."

"No indeed. There are not as many Christs as there are hosts, but only one Christ. It is one and the same Jesus who is present in each tabernacle and whom each communicant receives. There is not a multiplication of the Son of God but only a multiplication of His presence. St. Augustine tries to explain this by an illustration. In one of his sermons he says: 'I am now going to pronounce a name a single time and as many of you as hear me will perceive this name spoken, though I speak it but once.' Then he exclaimed with a loud voice, 'Jesus.' No doubt every one in the audience heard the word, though the saint did not tell each one individually. There are more than one and one half billions of people whom the sun reaches as though it existed for each one in particular, yet no one loses anything from the fact that his neighbor receives the same blessing as he himself. Thus also there is but one God-man, but by the powerful word of consecration He is made present whenever the priest pronounces the words properly. Hence, no new Christ is created or made incarnate, but there is only a new mode of existence because He becomes present sacramentally. Why, even a material object can assume various forms. Water may turn into ice so that we can walk on it, or when the temperature rises to the boiling point we get vapor or steam, which, after cooling,

takes the liquid state once more. Iron is cold, black, and hard, but when heated it becomes red, fiery, soft, and fluid. The body of man, too, can be in different states. Christ's body during His earthly sojourn was, like your body and mine, extended in space, visible, and apprehensible. After His resurrection it was of a quite different character. It penetrated the rock which closed the sepulcher; it suddenly stood in the midst of the disciples in the Cenacle, the doors being shut, and it disappeared just as suddenly; in the same way it was seen to rise above the clouds of heaven."

"But how can I believe that the whole living Christ is here present with His head, arms, and feet, in a word, with all His members and organs? Besides, I see no difference between the bread and wine before and after the consecration."

"You seem to forget how little, how puny our intellect is. As little as I can pour a whole ocean of water into a small tumbler, so little can I or you comprehend God and His mysteries. And amongst His mysteries the Holy Eucharist is one of the greatest. Just a few moments ago I made reference to a number of secrets in nature which neither you nor I can grasp."

"Yes, yes, I know, still a person likes to see with his own eyes and to hear with his own ears before he feels absolutely certain."

"I see, Mr. Harrison, that you are like Thomas the Apostle, hard to convince. Did you ever stop to think how many acts of faith you make every day in matters of much less importance? As often as you listen to a speaker, receive a message, read a letter or book, you generally make an act of faith of some kind. You admit that your name is Harrison, don't you?"

"Why certainly. I'll swear to that."

"How do you know that this is your name?"

"Wasn't it my father's name? Didn't my parents always go by that name?"

"Who gives you the certainty that they were your father and your mother?"

"Such a question! Wasn't I reared in the family and didn't they always call me their child?"

"They may have deceived you."

"No! never! I am positive that they would in no circumstances have told me a lie."

"Now, Mr. Harrison, I am more positive that Christ, the Son of God, would under no condition have deceived me either. Moreover, I have the same certainty for His Church, which He built upon a rock and which He promised to preserve from error. When Martin Luther, after a long struggle, had broken with faith in the real presence, he attempted to draw the

learned Erasmus over to his side. The latter answered: 'No man will ever convince me that Christ, who is truth and love itself, would have left His Church for so long a time in the terrible delusion of adoring a little mass of flour as God.'

"Father, I will return some other time. You have disturbed my equilibrium."

"Well, whilst you go, you may ponder on this little narrative of the new saint, the Curé d'Ars. Possibly you have never heard of him."

"Oh yes. I was in France during the war. Everybody speaks of him over there."

"Here is what he says: 'One day there were two Protestant preachers here at Ars who didn't want to believe in the real presence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. I said to them: Do you believe that a little piece of bread can of itself leave the hand and place itself on the tongue of him who approaches to receive it? 'No, that is not possible,' they replied. I objected: if nevertheless this really happens there is no more bread in the host. Listen! There

was a man who doubted the real presence. But he wanted to believe and prayed to the Blessed Virgin for the gift of faith. Now pay close attention! What I am going to state happened not somewhere but to myself. At the moment when this man drew near to receive Holy Communion, the Sacred Host freed itself from my fingers when I was still a considerable distance from him, moved towards the man, and placed itself upon his tongue."

"Thank you, Father. This matter is becoming more serious every moment. There was no harm meant on my part. I can't help being frank when something weighs on my mind."

"Don't worry, Mr. Harrison, that frankness of yours is a noble trait and with the grace of God may it be the stepping-stone to the priceless treasure of a childlike faith in the Holy Eucharist. May the day soon dawn on which you, too, like another centurion, will return from Calvary—the Mass—and strike your breast with a firm conviction, saying: 'Verily, this is the Son of God.'"

The Relics of St. Benedict

DOM LOUIS BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

FROM the writings of Dom Chamard, which were completed recently by Dom Morin, it seems beyond doubt that Fleury-sur-Loire possesses the major part of the body of the holy Patriarch, St. Benedict, it having been brought thither from Italy by St. Aigulfus and his companions. Monte Cassino would possess the "ashes," that is, what remained at the bottom of the tomb, of the parts of the body reduced to dust, and also some small particles of relics returned from France at divers times, notably in 755 or 757. As early as 750 Abbot Petronax, of Monte Cassino, and Pope Zacharias, at the time of the restoration of the abbey, begged from the French monks the treasure, which they said had been stolen.

The tradition of the Basilica of St. Benedict at Fleury-sur-Loire dates back for more than twelve centuries, and is based on the testimonies of both French writers and of foreigners who have no interest in the claim; the authority of the martyrologies of Bede, Vandelbert, Raban and Notker, and of Reginon's chronicle, would seem to leave no room for doubting the translation of the relics of St. Benedict to Fleury. Even if all these proofs were missing, Paul the Deacon, also known as Warnefried, would seem to decide the difficulty, for he was a monk of Monte Cassino, and by his writings he would not betray his own cause in depriving his abbey of so great an honor as that of possessing

the treasure, if he had not been perfectly persuaded of the translation of the relics. In his time it was an historical fact of such public notoriety that no one discreetly doubted it. Warnefried wrote his "History of the Lombards" at Monte Cassino in the time of the Emperor Charlemagne. In speaking of the destruction of his holy abbey, predicted by St. Benedict himself, and executed by that barbarous nation, he wrote: "In that time, Monte Cassino, where the sacred body of St. Benedict reposed, was since a few years but a vast solitude; the French came from the country of le Maine and Orléans, pretending to guard and pass the night near the holy body. They took the bones of that venerable Father and those of St. Scholastica, his sister, and brought them to their country." (*Des Geste des Lombards*, Bk. IV, Chap. 7.) After a testimony so strong and clear, from a writer so much interested, it does not seem necessary to add proofs that are found in numerous other writers.

St. Benedict died March 21, 543. In 589, forty-six years after his death, Monte Cassino was destroyed by Zoto, duke of the Lombards, whereupon the monks fled to Rome. The monastery was uninhabited for about 125 years, a fact that is narrated by Paul Warnefried. (*Ibidem*. Book IV, Chap. 7.) During that time three generations of the monks lived in a monastery near the Lateran.

In 644 the Abbey of Fleury-sur-Loire was founded by Leobold. The Abbot St. Mommolus, his second successor, was reading one day, not haphazardly, but by a disposition of Divine Providence, the second book of the Dialogues of St. Gregory. He thought of the afflicting revelation that St. Benedict had received from on high, how his monastery of Cassino, which he had built with such pains and care and enriched and filled with so many excellent religious, the home in which he had received so many extraordinary graces and favors from God, was to be surrendered to the barbarians by a decree of the justice of God, and knowing that this prophecy, that had drawn so many fears from our Holy Patriarch had been accomplished, the abbot was touched by a sensible grief, that such a venerable place should have been profaned and that the bodies of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, which were in the ruins, should be deprived of honors. He was strongly inspired to send some of his religious into Italy, to withdraw, if possible, so holy a treasure from that desolate spot. He chose to head this expedition, one of his monks, Aigulfus of Blois, whom he had educated in the monastic life since his tender days and who was later Abbot of Lerins and a glorious martyr.

In company with Aigulfus other monks were also dispatched from Le Mans to search for the relics of St. Scholastica. At Cassino, during their nightly watch, they were guided by a miraculous light which drew them to the tomb of the brother and sister. The next day they took up the sacred bodies with great respect and infinite joy. After a successful voyage they returned to Fleury-sur-Loire on July 11, 653. It is to this pilgrimage that the feast of the Patronage or Translation of the bodies of these saints owes its inception. The feast is celebrated on the 11th of July in all the seven branches of the Benedictine Order.

The Basilica of Fleury is a majestic antique Abbey Church of the ninth century. Fleury is a modest little city. Its old abbey church seems like a queen without a realm. The continual exposition of the precious relics denotes the secret of all the splendors of the large edifice, as they explain also the glorious destinies of the old abbey itself more than its famous academy of learning, which at one time numbered more than 4000 students.

The body of St. Scholastica was brought by the monks to Le Mans, where it is still venerated. That of St. Benedict is still at Fleury. It is still seen reposing in a golden casket in the depth of the crypt. From the main altar one has a glimpse of the treasure, for the crypt is flooded by daylight through sixteen narrow windows, and here the relics of the Patriarch of

the Western Monks have reposed many hundreds of years in an atmosphere of recollection and prayer.

During the invasions of the Normans and in many local wars the relics were transported to diverse places, but upon the return of peace they were always brought back to Fleury.

On March 12th, 1107, the wooden casket was replaced by one of gold and silver. The change took place in the presence of the Dauphin of France, later King Louis VI, John, Bishop of Orléans, and Humbold, Bishop of Auxerre. All classes of society met at Fleury and approached the casket of St. Benedict. The kings of France were not the last to put under protection of the Saint their persons, their families, their properties, and their crowns.

Philip I repented of his crimes and performed his penance kneeling near the sacred relics and manifested his intention of being buried at Fleury instead of St. Denis, near Paris. Louis the Fat made numerous pilgrimages to Fleury. He was there during the schism of Anaclete, with Pope Innocent II and St. Bernard. In 1301 Philip the Fair came to spend Christmas in the company of the Bishop of Orleans, Ordinary of Fleury. On that occasion the king gave the abbey a liberal offering of 2200 pounds. In 1364 Pope Victor V had one-fourth of the head (skull) given to the Cathedral of Montpellier. During the war of the Huguenots the reliquary was robbed of its ornaments, but the relics had been taken previously removed and preserved by the Prior Fulbert, in the first wooden case, left in the chapter house. On May 27, 1581, the Prior Louis Pottin, transferred the holy relics to a richer wooden case and they remained in that depository one hundred years, when the monks of the Benedictine Congregation of St. Maurus, renowned for learning, replaced the wooden case by one of silver, three and one-half feet long, two feet wide, and three and one-half feet high. On May the third, 1653, Ascension Day, the relics were publicly exposed for the veneration of the faithful. On November the second, 1789, the little band of monks at Fleury, numbering then but 45, were dispersed. In 1840, the Bishop of Orléans gave a part of the skull to the Abbey of Solesmes. Bishop Dupanloup, (1802-78) his successor, also granted permission in 1852 to open the case and remove therefrom a large particle of the relics, to be given to the Abbey of Our Lady of the Hermits at Einsiedeln, Switzerland, in 1857.

Dom John B. Muard (1809-54), founder of the Abbey at La Pierre-qui-Vire, in 1848, was offered the custody of the relics at Fleury by Bishop Dupanloup. But his monks arrived there only after Dom Muard's death. Four

monks came in 1865 and took possession of the monument, thus assuring the ministry of the basilica, which serves as a parish church. There they are awaiting for better days to restore the ancient monastery.—The present case, the richest of all, was made in 1880. It was donated by the Benedictine Congregations of the Order and their Secular Oblates. It is entirely of gold and rests at the same place in the above mentioned crypt.

Violent expulsions of the monks by the infidel government of France came in 1880, and again in 1903, thus shaking for a time all hopes of restoration. The monks, however, are still at Fleury. One would think that the redeeming blood so lavishly shed by religious and clergy during the great war would purchase a small measure of toleration, yet iniquitous laws stand and are even declared intangible, and a rabid section of the population, led by an infamous press, is clamoring for their application. Yet the Benedictines constantly watch over the precious relics of their venerable founder and incessantly implore him to restore once more their beloved abbey of Fleury-sur-Loire and to make it, as in the past years, the very soul of monasticism in France.

Dom Brent, the Prior of this abbey, holds annual meetings in the basilica for all Secular Oblates affiliated with the different Benedictine abbeys. This annual meeting lasts three full days and it is always held on the occasion of the feast of the Patronage of St. Benedict, or the Translation of his Relics, July 11. Conferences on liturgy and the Holy Rule and instructions in Gregorian Chant are given by the most renowned authorities of the Order. In 1921 Dom Hébrard treated of the "Psychology of St. Benedict"; Dom Chauvin, of the "Investing of the Oblate in the Order of St. Benedict," in 1922; and in 1923 Rt. Rev. Abbot Fulbert Glories, of Pierre-qui-Vire Abbey, presided at the traditional triduum from July the 10th to the 15th. What a wonderful spectacle of Benedictine Oblates was that in the historical basilica of Fleury, which has had the honor of sheltering the body of St. Benedict for well nigh twelve centuries, the oblates singing the office hours like true monks and attending lectures on the Holy Rule and liturgy. Very Rev. Dom Franco de Weyls, lectured on art and liturgy, and Dom Maur Sablayrolles, of En-Calcat Abbey, on the sacred chant; in 1924, the same with Dom Buennner of Hautecombe Abbey.

No doubt that these annual retreats, like those of the Oblates of St. Frances of Rome, have lasting effects on the great number of Oblates who are present and on others with whom they come in contact.

The relics of St. Benedict at Monte Cassino

rest in the crypt under the main altar of the basilica in front of which are burning, day and night, fifteen large lamps, representing the fifteen congregations of the Benedictine Confederation of Black Monks. At Fleury his body has performed unnumbered miracles. Cassino has the holy ashes, Fleury, the major part of the sacred body.

The body of man has this advantage over all the other created bodies, even over the pure spirits of angels, that it has been formed not by the command of God alone, but molded by His own hands. This honor is common to all men, of course, but it seems that we can say that Providence had more reverence and solicitude for the body of St. Benedict and a greater regard for its purity, for it was formed from the most illustrious blood in the world, blood that had been purified, ennobled, and flowed in the veins of senators, patricians, and consuls, enriched by a soul infinitely more noble than his blood and sanctified by abounding grace.

Not only the relics of our holy Patriarch should we hold in honor but also his Holy Rule, which contains, as wrote St. Gregory the Great, "the spirit of all the just." The possession of the body of the Saint is secondary to the possession of his spirit, and all the seventy-two chapters of the Rule are relics of his soul, his spirit, and his heart. They are his words, his thoughts, his affections and his actions. St. Scholastica was fortunate to discourse, at least once a year, with her holy brother. Our first fathers of Subiaco and Cassino were happy to see with their own eyes all the actions of the great Patriarch and to hear his admonitions. We have no need of envying them, for the same happiness is ours. It is he that speaks in his Rule, and he has said nothing to his sister Scholastica and his first disciples that he says not in his rule; he has performed for them what he orders in his law.

We should do honor to St. Benedict's sacred relics that through his precious remains we may enkindle in our hearts and minds the sentiments of his spirit, a spirit of discretion and abundant peace.

My Offering

ELIZABETH VOSS

I have not much to give the world,
Except a heart humane,
To minister to those in need,
And soothe their grief and pain.
Yet when I speak some word of love
To comfort or to cheer,
It seems that angels up above
My humble message hear.

Lives Touching

MARY E. MANNIX

Chapter 3 (Continued)

WELLINGTON had not been gone more than five minutes when three horsemen drew up before the house. Ysabelle had been right in her conjecture, it was her husband, followed by two Indian servants carrying luggage and hunting paraphernalia.

Ysabelle rose to meet him. He sprang from his horse and, without a word of greeting, inquired in a loud voice:

"Who has been here? I heard a neighing horse and saw the outline of a man on the other side of the field as we came."

"A traveller, belated," she replied.

"Ah," he said, and flung himself on the couch lately occupied by Wellington.

"I am tired," he cried, "very tired and hungry, tell them to get me some supper."

"I have already ordered it," calmly replied his wife.

He stretched himself out, the willow settee creaking and groaning under his weight. He was not an attractive figure,—his corrugated brows, small eyes, and purple cheeks were those of a man who had lived hard. The servant appeared with a tray; he rose to a sitting posture and as Raphael began to clear the little table for the meal, he noticed the guitar which lay there. Suddenly he cried out:

"You have been singing, you have been singing to that man, whoever he was,—that man who has just gone,—it was someone whom you knew,—a lover, perhaps."

"Don Alvarez," she replied, and her tones were very cool and quiet, though her heart trembled, "you know very well that I have never had a lover. Be as cruel as you please, but I beg of you, do not insult me thus."

"Tell me," he cried, advancing closer to her side, "does a lady employ herself when alone, I mean when her husband is absent, playing the guitar and singing to a stray traveller whom she has never before seen? Unless, as Doña Elvira would have said, she is trying to show off her voice."

As he came nearer, she saw that he had been drinking heavily. Shrinking back from the fumes of liquor proceeding from his breath, she moved the table slightly so that it stood between them. With an oath he reached for the guitar:

"I will break it over your head," he said. But even as he spoke the instrument fell from his hand to the ground, and he tumbled backwards to the foot of the steps leading to the piazza.

The men, who had been unloading the horses, sprang forward to lift him, but it was too late. Don Alvarez, who had already had two apoplectic seizures, had precipitated the fatal third by a fit of jealous rage.

* * * * *

Wellington rode all night without encountering any dwelling where he would have asked for shelter. Here and there he found isolated huts of the sheep herders, but they were all dark, apparently tenantless.

The moon shone brightly, which relieved his mind of the tedium and apprehension the black darkness suggests on a lonely and unfrequented road.

Shortly after daybreak he reached an Indian village; he stopped at the open door of one of the small houses, outside of which, in an iron brazier, a charcoal fire was burning; a woman was bending over it. She saluted him respectfully and he asked:

"May I have something to eat and drink? I have been travelling all night."

"If the Señor will have the goodness to dismount, I will prepare *tortillas* and chocolate in a few moments. I have just sent my husband off to work with his lunch."

Wellington got down from his horse and seated himself on a bench.

The woman began to make preparations for his breakfast.

"Last night," he said, "I had a very good dinner at a fine rancho, that of Don Alvarez, of whom of course you know."

"Señor," she replied gravely, "all of us who live in these valleys know much of him, and nothing that is good. He is our patron, and a hard one, but the Señora, ah, she is an angel. He keeps her there as though she were in a prison. Rich and bad is he, rich and bad, cruel and avaricious also, and jealous of the Señora without cause, understand, Señor, for she hardly sees any other man from one end of the year to the other, unless when they are at the Capitol. There, it is said, he watches her like a hawk. Still what else could be expected from such a man whose reputation she knew when she married him—for his money."

"Seraphina, Seraphina, let not thy tongue run so glibly," called the voice of an old woman from within, "every one knows that it was ~~not~~ for his money but to save her grandfather from ruin that the Doña Ysabelle married Don Alvarez."

The owner of the voice now appeared in the

doorway carrying a small table covered with a clean cloth, which she placed in front of Wellington. Breakfast was soon ready, and while he was partaking of it, both women, with a garbularity unusual among their race, continued the conversation.

"I wonder, Señor," said the elder, "that you were invited to dine by Don Alvarez, he is very inhospitable as a rule. He says that his house is not a wayside stopping place for strangers or vagabonds."

"But having invited the Señor to dinner," interposed the younger woman, "it is strange that Don Alvarez did not ask him to pass the night."

"Perhaps there was not room," said Wellington, concluding that it was wiser not to mention the fact that the master of the house had been absent.

"Room," cried both women in the same breath. "It is a castle, that house" added the younger.

"Well, I was hospitably entertained while I remained there," was all Wellington rejoined.

When he had finished his breakfast, he said:

"I see a fine shady grove of trees over yonder. With your permission I will take a nap under one of them, for I am very sleepy."

"The Señor is welcome," said the old woman, "and while you rest I will water and feed your horse."

"Come," said Seraphina, leading the way, "I will show you a shady, quiet place, though all is quiet here." Pointing to a leathern hammock swinging between two large trees, "that will be better than lying on the ground, and the Señor will find it clean and comfortable."

It was both. From the first Wellington had observed, and inwardly commented upon, the cleanliness of every thing about the place.

After having slept three or four hours, Wellington awoke to the full realization of all that had occurred since the evening before; it was plain to him now that Ysabelle was under the dominion of a cruel tyrant, and could hardly call her life her own. Even while exercising her generous hospitality towards him, she must have been uncertain and fearful as to the time of her husband's return. It was her kind heart that caused her to risk his displeasure,—and to send the visitor forth so suddenly. It was with reason, no doubt, that she dreaded a meeting between himself and Don Alvarez.

"But why?" he questioned, "was the man such a monster that he would wreak his anger on her, and any belated stranger to whom she would give a brief hospitality? Or,—could it be possible that in some way Don Alvarez had always been suspicious of a secret leaning in the heart of his wife toward the stranger whose sojourn at San Juan de la Cruz, had lasted only a

few days,—what excuse could there have been for such a suspicion?"

His thoughts once more reverted to that last afternoon when she had surprised him by the suddenness and intensity of her emotional outbreak. The cause of this could only be explained in the mind of Wellington as a sudden preference. He shook his head impatiently, unwilling to harbor the thought that this young girl had in so brief a time begun to feel for him an attachment which, almost immediately, she could not help regretting. Last night she seemed to be on the verge of a disclosure which, perhaps, had been better left unsaid. Would it have been like this?

"Señor, in a moment of sorrow and despair, I saw in you, who had been frank and kind, a way of escaping the terrible fate that threatened me, and I now wish to ask you to forget whatever words I said on that occasion."

This and similar formulas, Wellington turned over in his mind, half ashamed, at his own egotism, as he wondered, for that is what he named it even to himself.

Filled with curiosity as to what had occurred after the arrival of Don Alvarez, and regret that he should in the slightest degree have been the means of causing a new distress in what he now believed to be a most unhappy household, he left the hammock and was walking towards the cabin, when from the opposite direction came the sound of hurrying feet and the voices of several men. They were all Indians, and from the manner in which the young woman greeted the man slightly in advance of the others, Wellington knew that it was her husband.

"Hernando," she cried, "what is it? What has happened?"

Three men, his companions, now reached his side.

"Don Alvarez is dead," he cried, "he fell in a fit from the piazza and died at once."

"Without priest, without doctor?" cried the old woman, who had now come to the door.

"Without priest, without doctor," repeated her son, "so he should have expected to die."

"He had been drinking all the way," said another of the men, "Pedro and I were behind him, carrying the luggage."

"The Lord have mercy upon him," said the old woman.

"Who never granted mercy to any man or woman whom he wished to defraud or ruin, or possess," said her son.

"Let us speak no evil of the dead," said the younger woman solemnly. "And what of the Señora?"

"She is lying on her bed," said Pedro, "they tell me she never shed one tear."

"It was too great a shock, too sudden," said the old woman. "Later she will weep."

"But for joy, I fancy," said Pedro with a bitter laugh, in which he was joined by his companions.

Wellington stepped forward, glad to see, as he approached the group, that none of the men before him had been at the rancho while he was there. He asked no questions, but listened quietly to their remarks, from which he inferred that the visit of a stranger at the home of Don Alvarez on that evening was unknown to them.

But in that surmise he was wrong. They had learned of it from Raphael, and of the anger of their master on discovering that his wife had given hospitality to a traveller, but they were loyal to the family they and their ancestors had served so long, and more especially to the gentle *patrona*, upon whose name, through them, no shadow of suspicion should be given to the world, but none of them had the slightest idea that Wellington was the remote cause of the sudden death of their late master.

He was not entirely free from apprehension. He feared there had been a scene, and became certain of it when he overheard Hernando say to his mother:

"The beautiful inlaid guitar of the Señora

was on the table. He picked it up to strike her. We were unloading the baggage, Pedro and I, but we were about to spring between them, when the guitar fell from his hand and broke into pieces, and he rolled down the steps,—that was the end."

After this there was much low-toned conversation between the Indians,—Wellington felt himself to be *detrop* and had no desire to remain longer. For a moment he thought of returning to the rancho, where he might possibly be of some use to its mistress, but almost immediately rejected the idea. The presence of a stranger at such a time would be out of place; it might excite curiosity and possibly complicate matters, which were now plain and simple; commiseration for her, he felt none; that death must have been a happy release from an odious thralldom, though it had come tragically; condolences, under the circumstances, would be a mockery he knew, for her a happier life, he hoped, was in store; later he would write.

He asked for his horse; partook of a cup of chocolate; placed a piece of silver in the hand of the young woman, and rode away.

No "Chevalier Bayard" was Wellington, but a cautious and prudent man, often a careless one. He did not write.

(To be continued)

St. Francis de Sales

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

THE DAY IS NOW FAR SPENT

THE Bishop of Geneva accompanied the Court to Avignon and afterwards to Lyons. There, his friends and admirers and many distinguished people disputed with each other who would have the honour and the pleasure of entertaining and lodging the illustrious and saintly prelate.

He refused all invitations, and selected for his abode a little room in the house of the gardener of the Convent—of the Visitation—a wretched room, draughty, cold, exposed to all the winds of heaven and with a smoky chimney.

"Que jamais il n'était mieux que quand il n'était guère bien," (One is never as well off as when one is badly off), he remarked with his usual dry humour and with a whimsical smile, "besides I will be at the beck and call of my daughters of the Visitation."

He had founded thirteen monasteries of the Visitation. He had done all that man could do for them; it now only remained for him to wish them an eternal farewell and to give them parting words of counsel and consolation.

"My Father," a nun said to him one day, "here are ink and paper, please write down the virtues you most wish us to practise."

Francis wrote one word—"Humility."

Madame de Chantal had not met him for three and a half years. As soon as he entered the parlour, she was astounded by his altered appearance. His face was transfigured, the brightness of the love of God shone in his countenance, giving it an unearthly radiance; the burning fire that consumed his soul glowed in his clear eyes, and he looked more like a seraph than a man: It was as though Our Lord had imprinted on his brow the rays of the beatitude that awaited him.

"Mother, which of us two shall speak first?" Francis de Sales asked Jeanne de Chantal.

"I, my Father," she answered with her habitual impetuosity. "I have much to tell you of the state of my soul."

"Ah, my dear daughter, you are as eager as ever," he replied in a tone of gentle reproof tempered by a half-sad smile. "When will you become absolutely indifferent? I had hoped to find you quite angelic. Let us discuss the af-

fairs of our Order of the Visitation. Oh! how I love it, for Our Blessed Lord loves it dearly."

For several hours they discussed various points concerning the solid establishment of the Order, and then, when saying good-bye, Jeanne de Chantal cried impulsively, "My Father, I am certain you will one day be canonized and I hope to take part in your canonization."

"God could work that miracle my Mother," Francis replied very gravely, "but they who are to negotiate my canonization are not yet born."

These were his last words to her. They never met again in this life. Madame de Chantal returned to Annecy and Francis de Sales remained in Lyons.

During Christmas Francis was in a very feeble condition, still he resolutely performed all the duties of the sacred ministry; indeed, he did far more than was required, going frequently to the Visitation convent, preaching, exhorting, hearing confessions; and not neglecting the social and kindly side of the Holy Season, he paid his respects to the potentates assembled at the Court, and to his own intimate friends. The result was a long fainting fit, and a slight stroke of apoplexy. The physicians, acting in accordance with the science of the day, had recourse to the most cruel means to rouse him from the stupor into which he was falling. He endured a veritable martyrdom, but though he felt the excruciating pain of the red hot irons applied to his head and to the back of his neck, though this unspeakable torture caused his tears to flow abundantly, yet he never complained. Constant to his invariable rule of never asking for anything, never refusing anything, he let them do as they would with him and never rebelled against their terrible remedies.

Once when he was on the point of losing consciousness, they effectively roused him by asking, "Are you sure, Monseigneur, you are not a Calvinist at heart?"

"God forbid!" cried the dying saint in a clear voice, and coming back almost from the threshold of eternity to refute so false and frightful an accusation, "I was never a heretic; it would be an unthinkable treason." He made a large sign of the cross and continued in an incisive ringing voice: "I have lived, and I desire to die, in the Faith of the Holy, Roman, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, the one and only true religion."

In the course of the day he confessed and at one o'clock in the morning the Last Sacraments were administered, but as he was constantly vomiting he could not receive the Holy Viaticum. He recited verses from the Psalms, and in the midst of the agonizing torture of a red hot iron applied to his head and the back of his

neck and burning the bone, he intoned the *Te Deum* and the Canticle.

While suffering this horrible and needless martyrdom, one read in his eyes the sweet serenity of his soul. He grew gradually weaker. They could scarcely rouse him now, even the burning iron failed. A priest asked him if he feared to be vanquished in the last combat. He opened his eyes, smiled gently, and said very slowly and with infinite tenderness: "Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord and He shall pluck my feet from the snare."

"Will you not ask Our Lord to leave you with us a little longer?" asked his old director, Père Ferrier, S. J. "Say like St. Martin, 'Lord, if I am still necessary to Thy people, I refuse not the labour.'"

The dying saint looked with affection and gratitude at his dear friend, and then with a sigh replied: "I, necessary? Ah no, I am an absolutely useless servant—*servus inutilis, inutilis, inutilis*," he repeated thrice with pathetic sadness.

With a last effort, he said slowly: "He who has begun the work will perfect it." Turning to one of his friends he pressed his hand murmuring "Advesperavit et inclinata est jam dies" —(It is towards evening, and the day is now far spent.)

Then, pronouncing the Holy Name, he became speechless. That was his last word on earth—Jesus. For a few minutes longer his soul lingered in its earthly tenement. The kneeling friends recited the prayers for those in their last agony. When they came to the invocation, "All ye holy Innocents, pray for him," they repeated it thrice, because it was the feast of the Holy Innocents. At the third repetition, Francis de Sales, Prince-bishop of Geneva, passed away from earth, in the seraphic beauty of holiness, cleansed in the Precious Blood of Jesus and radiant with the reflection of His glory.

DOCTOR OF DEVOTION

Francis de Sales died on December 28, 1622, in the fifty-sixth year of his age and the twentieth of his episcopate. Yet, though not an old man, he was absolutely worn out from privations and sufferings.

When his body was examined, it was found his heart was sound, but his liver was burnt up, one lung had been wounded by a sword thrust, part of the brain was suffused with blood, and instead of the gall were three hundred little hard balls like the beads of a rosary. This phenomenon, the doctors explained, was caused by the extreme efforts he had made during his life to restrain his natural propensity to anger.

Yet, Francis was of all God's saints the gentlest—the gentle saint. Of him it might truly be said, as of Our Blessed Lord, "A bruised reed he shall not break, and the smoking flax he shall not quench." All through his life he preached meekness, humility, and gentleness, and he undoubtedly practised what he preached. "The Spirit of the Visitation is to be one of humble love of God and extreme sweetness towards our neighbour."

Devoted self-sacrifice and loving gentleness were his own most remarkable characteristics, however, it is not for me even to attempt to describe the glorious virtues and splendid character of this noblest and most heroic of the saints. I will let one who knew, understood, and loved him on earth, St. Jeanne de Chantal give a few of her impressions of her spiritual Father.

"When he offered up the Divine Sacrifice, the glowing splendour of his face, full of holy love and holy joy, was indescribable, and when he carried the Blessed Sacrament in procession, he looked like one of the cherubim, all luminous.—O Jesus! how admirably God reigned in that blessed soul. All was so clear, so calm, yet burning with the fire of divine love and of zeal for souls. His own soul was more pure than the sun, and more white than snow, in its actions, designs, resolutions, and affections.—As for his episcopal dignity, what honour and respect he had for it. Certainly, his humility by no means prevented the exercise of the gravity, majesty, and reverence due to the state of the Prince-bishop of Geneva. My God! May I dare to say it? Yes, I will say it. It seems to me that my Blessed Father was a living image in which the Son of God, Our Lord, was painted, for, certes, the beauty and virtue of his holy soul was altogether supernatural."

His was in every action, in every word, in every thought, the disciplined sweetness of a generous and noble soul at peace with itself and shining with the light of heaven. Meekness, humility, gentleness were his watch words,—they bring him very near to us, there is no aloofness in our reverence for him. In the atmosphere of his own beautiful simplicity we seem to walk beside him. We look up to meet his gentle glance, his winning smile; we hear his kind voice bidding us take courage, excusing our mistakes, compassionating our infirmities; with a firm and gentle hand he leads us over rough pathways and we wonder that we ever felt afraid.

The body of Francis de Sales was removed to Annecy and given up to his daughters of the Visitation, who placed it in their church. In 1626 a Commission was appointed; it took the evidence of 5000 witnesses to the heroic virtues

of St. Francis de Sales and the miracles wrought by him. Even the Calvinist minister of Geneva acknowledged his surpassing sanctity. "If we honoured any man as a saint," he said, "I know none more worthy than this man since the days of the Apostles."

His cause was immediately introduced at Rome, but various obstacles arose, and as St. Francis de Sales himself had foretold, St. Jeanne de Chantal did not live to see her beloved spiritual father canonized. In 1661 he was beatified by Alexander VII and was canonized by the same Pope in 1665. In 1877 Pius IX declared him a Doctor of the Church. His special title is that of Doctor of Devotion, and his feast is celebrated on the 29th of January.

In his beautiful encyclical, dated January 26, 1923, styled "Rerum Omnium," the Holy Father, Pius XI, proclaimed Francis de Sales patron of Catholic writers, praying that he might give them that grace in teaching the Church's doctrine which was especially his.

THE END

The Old House

NELLIE C. MAGENNIS

It stands alone through the vanished years,—
No fires on the gray hearthstone,
The bride came there on her wedding night,
Neath a red spring moon, and a fairy light
Crept down from a starlit dome.

It stands alone through the drifted years,
With its dreams and its old hearthstone.
Joy and grief o'er the sun dial wrought,
Ashes of myrrh from dead years brought,
To scatter o'er days that have flown.

The storms and winds of the vanished years
Have crushed in the old hearthstone.
The bride is dead, and the children went—
Each on its studied life work bent.
Pale memory weeps alone.

The wild birds breast the spring's chill wind,
And fibres of shrub and tree
Will again gleam golden under the sun,
And blessed to-morrows—everyone,
Will thrill with life's minstrelsy.

The fires are dead on the gray hearthstone,
And a spirit broke through its bars.
Only empty shell in the churchyard lies,
For her soul lives on and never dies,
Where Christ and His angels are.

And the swirling rapids of life sweep on—
Creep in through the open door.
But the "Light o' Love" o'er the hearthstone wide,
Where pitiless storms have breathed and died,
Will quicken forevermore.

The Twilight Vale of Liberty

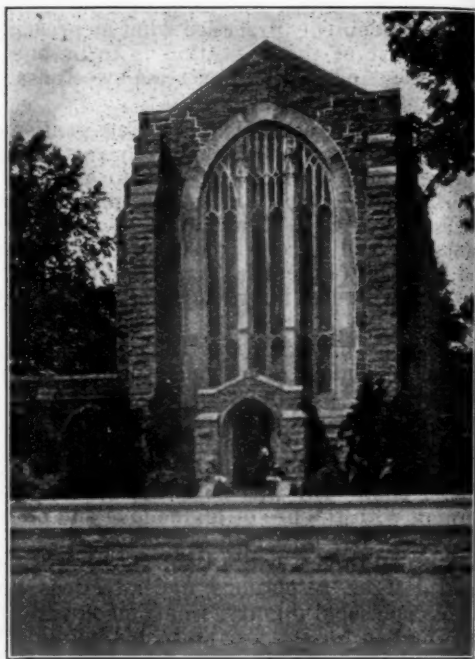
JAMES J. DEEHAN

NEARLY every true American hopes to visit Valley Forge as he hopes to visit Independence Hall and Mount Vernon; for these are the three spots most sacred to American liberty. And Americans come to Valley Forge, yes, over half a million annually,—some as pilgrims to a historic shrine, some as tourists from distant parts, and some as picnic parties. There are days when 5,000 pass in the door of the Washington Headquarters building, there to write their names in the visitors' book and to add addresses that tell the writers have come from every state in the Union to pay tribute to that ragged mob of men who in December of the year 1777 followed their leader from a field of defeat into this region of hill and valley some twenty miles from Philadelphia.

It was here at the place called Valley Forge, that the faithful followers of the chief resolved to stay in defiance of the old enemy, who held Philadelphia town; and it was here they chose as their battle ground with the new enemy winter, who held the world in bondage of snow and ice.

The name, "Valley Forge," comes from the fact that a forge was actually established there between 1742 and 1752. It later developed into an iron works in which muskets were made. But in September, 1777, the British, with admirable forethought, destroyed the forge. Thus the ragged army of patriots found no arsenal from which to replenish their stock of arms.

But the new enemy, winter, had a well stocked arsenal waiting and he mercilessly brought his weapons to bear. The bitter cold



WASHINGTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL

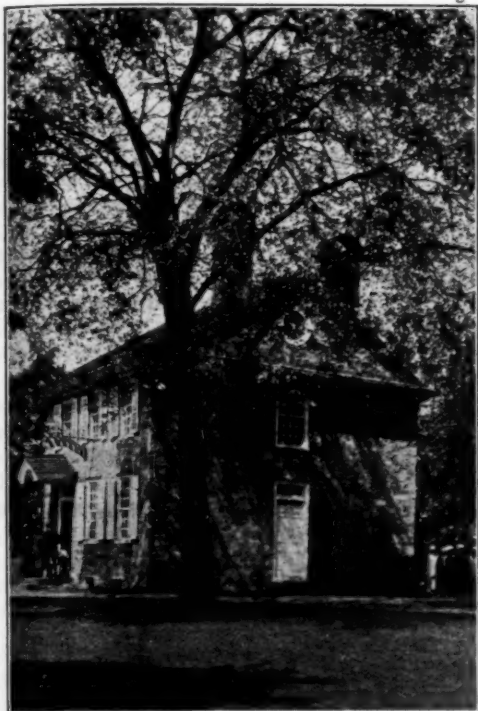
made tents inadequate as shelters, so the little army set about building huts of logs filled in with mortar. The soldiers were divided into groups of twelve, each of which was to build a hut. The spirit of competition was stimulated by a reward offered to whatever group would be first to complete a hut in the most workman-like manner. Washington refused to go into the house chosen as headquarters until his men were properly sheltered.

Then, with the huts finished, winter, the enemy, baffled temporarily by the building boom, brought on another weapon of still greater terror than the cold. Hunger increased greatly and here winter had an ally in the Tory farmer who hoarded his provisions from Washington's men. British gold had more value than continental paper. On the twenty-third of December, Washington declared that, unless conditions changed in the commissary department, the men must either "starve, dissolve, or disperse, in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can."

Happily, they did none of these things, seemingly so inevitable to the chief at the time. The



TYPE OF CABIN BUILT AT VALLEY FORGE



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE

mutual suffering of the men seemed to bind them together with insoluble bonds.

Cold and hunger failing to break their spirit, winter tried a still more terrible weapon, that of disease. Smallpox threatened those who had not been inoculated. Sick filled the rude hospitals and many were crowded into farmers' houses. But there was no dissolution of the army, just patient nursing and patient waiting. Winter could not last forever.

By the first of March conditions were improving and then came spring and decidedly better days. On May 7, 1778, the soldiers had reason to rejoice because of the treaty of Alliance between France and the United States. Then on June 18th, the day the British left Philadelphia, the camp was gladly deserted. The cause of liberty had been down in the valley of the shadow and had arisen triumphant. Troublous days and sacrifices were ahead but they could never equal those at Valley Forge. The men, knowing this, and confident of their strength, went on to victory.

Today Valley Forge Park embraces about 1,500 acres and occupies the site of the original encampment as definitely ascertained from old maps. Through the Park wind twelve miles of roads of true scenic splendor. Little huts, rep-

licas of those that sheltered the shivering continentals, are glimpsed here and there. Risen furrows, all that remain of the redoubts of long ago, are also encountered. Interesting indeed to the visitor are the colonial furnishings and personal belongings of the General, all on display in the rooms of the stone headquarters building. These rooms are kept in such perfect order that they seem to be expecting the General to walk in at any moment.

Then relic gives way to modernity. A steep, winding climb through beautiful woods brings the visitor to the iron observation tower. The tower is situated at the highest point in the Park. It is told that it was from this lookout point that Washington's engineers kept tabs on the movements of the British out from Philadelphia.

Of the newer features of the Park is the Washington Memorial Chapel, the corner stone of which was laid June 19, 1903. President Wilson named the Chapel "The Shrine of the American People." Architects have pronounced it one of the most beautiful chapels in the world.



MEMORIAL ARCH AT VALLEY FORGE

Its glass and choir stalls are superb. Pictured in the windows is the story of the American people, told as no where else. Every Sunday of the year, except Easter, Whitsunday and Trinity Sunday, there is held a non-denominational Sunday service, commemorating a State and its services to the Nation.

It is particularly fitting that the Chapel should be named "The Washington Memorial Chapel," for the chief was a reverent man and prayed earnestly as well as worked earnestly. It is recorded that once during the darkest hours at the encampment, he was found in the woods, praying on his knees, his face suffused with tears.

The great arch, erected by the United States Government in honor of the officers and men of the Continental Army, bears on one face the General's tribute to those who sleep in the groups of unnamed graves within the Park and to those who followed him on to victory after the long night at Valley Forge. "Naked and starving as they are," wrote the leader of his

men at Valley Forge, "we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery...."

There are many other monuments, buildings, and relics of the revolution within the Park and all of them bear tribute to the genius of the great Washington as a soldier and as a man. When he led his beaten men into winter quarters at Valley Forge, it was the twilight hour of liberty with black night of disaster threatening the cause. It then seemed impossible that the army would continue to exist as such; and yet, the personality of the chief, who loved, prayed, and lived with his own, so earned their unswerving loyalty that victory came in the end.

And so, Valley Forge comes down to us as the great national heritage,—a reminder "lest we forget" the work of the fathers, a beacon light to all oppressed, and an inspiration to those who work for the greater freedom of mankind.

A Confirmed Bachelor

JOHN TALBOT LYNCH

OLD Crom Ruah looked good to Ned Condon. Just fifteen years ago when he was only a lad of fifteen summers he had sailed away from its green fields to seek his fortune in America, as his three brothers and two sisters had done before him.

Ned had made good in America, and now he was taking his first big vacation in Crom Ruah with his mother and brother, the only two of the family who had stayed in the old home.

Crom Ruah was a lovely little village hidden away in the blue hills of Connaught, not far from the waves of the Atlantic. There were a goodly number of handsome callins there, full of life and merriment, mischievousness and vivacity, and appearances in general bespoke the absence of as much as one dull moment.

Ned Condon was still a single man—aye! 'twas his proud boast that he had steered clear of the entanglements of matrimony and would never take that "foolish" step, so he felt very much at liberty to enjoy to his heart's content the society of Crom Ruah's female youth.

Ned was a good looking Yank, especially when he smiled, for then the eyes of him twinkled and two rows of white, even teeth engaged your attention like Colgate's advertising posters, though the brush and the paste were rarely used by Ned, which same would give the lie to Colgate's advertising. But, as we were saying, Ned's smile was the thing; and consequently

the girls of Crom Ruah set their bonnets for Ned—that is, all except Kitty Deveraux, the schoolmaster's daughter, the gayest, most vivacious, and best looking one of them all, and, being such, would entitle her to a description in our story.

In the first place it was her eyes that proclaimed her beauty. They were big and round and dark brown, with long, dark lashes and neat dark brows; and to tell the truth they were so handsome that one look from them would send your heart off into palpitation like a bird's wings on the fly, and unless you were a very reserved man, the face of you would start to burn. Then there was her hair. Since they never put their hair up in Crom Ruah as they do in America, Kitty's hung over her shoulders in long curling ringlets that were as dark as night.

But what's the use in saying more? It should be sufficient to say that the little callin had a wonderfully pleasing personality, a heart as pure as the lily in the bog—which same goes for every nice callin—and for all that she was the biggest heart-breaker in not alone Crom Ruah but in the whole county. Many suitors did she have, too, but with queenly tosses of her haughty dark head she disdained them all and kept aloof.

The evening dances were the liveliest feature in the amusements at Crom Ruah. 'Twould do

your heart good to watch them a while. They were always held in Chauncey O'Mara's, where the kitchen was as big as any four rooms—made, you might say, to suit the heart of any dancing youth. Not far from the hearth was a flagstone two feet square, where the masters of the jig and the hornpipe did their tricks without having to step outside the two by two.

And the best of it was that the orchestra was free. Chauncey O'Mara and Donal O'Brien played the fiddle for the very love of seeing the clean-minded, healthy young people enjoy themselves.

"Sure," Chauncey would say, "it does my heart good to see 'em caper."

And so it would, for the way they maneuvered their feet would make the hair stand up on your head and your eyes would swim trying to follow their movements.

In the square dances and reels was where Ned came in contact with the young ladies, to whom the pleasure of dancing with the Yank was more than they could conceal; but the nice smiles meant to capture his heart were given all in vain. He was a great fun maker, but obviously on his guard against any possible weakening in his resolve to remain single. He refused to appear anything but oblivious and unmindful of the many saucy callin's smiles. Even Nancy Martin, the saucy little red-headed daughter of a well-to-do farmer, could not pierce his heart with a very alluring smile, which though in all appearances was feigned, was really natural.

Now with Kitty Deveraux it was altogether different. Ned was after dancing with her twice. She never even gave him a glance, and the very fact that he failed to get a look into her eyes made Ned anxious. She had very nice hair and a nice face, and from the looks of her eyebrows her eyes must be beautiful. So thought Ned, but though he sought to meet her gaze, the mischievous one denied him the favor, as well as arousing his curiosity to a high pitch.

During the daytime Ned passed the time away climbing the hills, visiting old scenes, and fishing occasionally. In the village he spent much time conversing with the neighbors, and from the way he treated the children to candy, he must have been a millionaire.

One morning as Ned was paying his usual visit to the post office whom should he meet but Kitty, the roughish maid with the heartbreaking ways. She was just coming out. Her arms were full of bundles, and right in front of Ned one of the packages fell to the ground. With a fine big smile Ned stooped and picked up the package. He put it in a safe place with the rest of the bundles in her arms, and lo and behold!

didn't she favor him with a grand smile from her dancing, sparkling eyes!

"Thank you very much, Edward," she was saying. The voice seemed to come from her eyes, like the rays of the sun on a summer morning; but it must have been stronger and warmer, for Ned—hard-headed Yank that he was—was feeling a warm flush running into his ears and face.

"Do—don't mention it, Kitty," he stammered. He tipped his hat and walked precipitately past her. Her charms were a little too much for him.

In his haste he ran into Father Murphy, who was just emerging from the door, his head down, reading the address on a letter.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Father! I—I beg your pardon!" Ned was excited in his apology.

Father Murphy gave the excited Ned a solicitous glance. He noted the flushed face, and putting two and two together, he glanced down the street. Kitty was then stepping along briskly and gaily.

"Hm!" he turned to Ned; but Ned had vanished into the office, where he was now trying to quiet a palpitating heart.

"Ha! ha! Ha!" Father Murphy was laughing as he walked down the street. "Sure, she'd break the heart of any man," he thought. "Ha! ha! ha! Ned must have been favored with a right good smile. Imbeersa fein, he won't be forgetting it, so he won't Ha! ha! ha! Well, God bless them!"

For a while after that Ned could not evade the smiles that Kitty at times felt disposed to bestow on him, and it was unusual for her to favor anyone in particular. Under the warmth of her smile Ned felt a great happiness, and he soon discovered himself longing for a sight of even one wisp of her raven hair.

Now, all that was fine, but a single man with no matrimonial aspirations must not allow himself to become infatuated with any callin. So Ned reprimanded himself inwardly.

"Ned, don't be foolish. You have no time to waste on brown eyes and flowing tresses. You're a single man, and single you're staying till again you put foot on the streets of little old New York."

But despite his great desire to avoid the binding ties of marriage, he found that the luring happiness of the so-called life of single blessedness was dwindling away before the powerful glory of a pair of brown eyes.

Try as he might, he could not put them from his mind. His heart drove him on and on, ever wishing, ever calling for the one presence that eased its peculiar malady. Ned's heart was captured; he was in love; it was a happy

feeling, but for poor Ned love was due to be a rocky, rocky road.

Vivacious Kitty, for the first time in her young life, experienced a change of heart. Bestowing special favors by way of smiles of sunshine was out of keeping with her haughty head.

"Sure," she told herself, "I'm almost liking him; and I think he's liking me, but he needn't, and he won't!" so Kitty decided that their increasing infatuation must end.

Then next time she met Ned she only gave him a cursory nod and a very high shade of her head, which behavior nearly took the heart out of poor Ned.

The first time could be forgiven and Ned had doubts of her behavior being pretense till they were quashed by the damsel's repeating it.

And maybe the hard-to-reach Kitty herself felt a pang or two around the heart. It did not matter much about her own heart, and of course, being a woman, she could afford to make Ned's lovelorn heart ache. But at the same time she had a strange feeling that she was very mean to the handsome Yank. She did feel quite uneasy, for Ned was such a fine fellow, an upright, well-meaning, good-living man, and—he had found a place in her heart.

Being disappointed in his first love was naturally enough a great blow to Ned. He no more could find any delight in the society of the village folk, and he was now seen but seldom conversing with them. To console his empty heart he would spend his days up near the hills, where the cattle grazed and the first flowers of spring were beginning to bloom.

At one time Ned was a cow hand in Wyoming—that was before he pulled up his stake for the big city of New York—and the cattle grazing on the sloping fields of Crom Ruah eased his mind by bringing him memories of the days he rode herd in the ranches of the West.

"It was great out there in the West," he was telling Father Murphy one morning as he accompanied the priest part of the way on his visits to the old people across the hill who were unable to go to Mass. "You should see the great open plains, Father, stretching off for miles, cattle just like these grazing everywhere."

They were walking on a cow path just above the fence that divided them from Martin's immense pasture, where a large number of cattle were grazing.

"There is no place like the open, Ned," philosophized Father Murphy. "Brain and brawn are bred where God Himself walks with you." The priest had stopped; he was to part company by taking a path to a little house on his

left. His eyes were gazing upon the big green field where the cattle were grazing.

"Well, now, and who's this picking flowers this morning?" he queried. His finger was pointing to the figure of a girl at the far end of the field.

"Sure, it's Kitty Deveraux," he rejoined as he recognized her.

"So it is," confirmed Ned, casting a longing, wistful look in her direction.

Kitty was moving around, picking bluebells and honeysuckle, which were growing in abundance in a high rocky part of the field. She looked wonderfully fresh in a blue dress, her hair flowing in long tresses, and a colored bandana hanging loosely from her neck. Ned thought she looked like a flower herself.

Father Murphy was startled to see Ned suddenly bound into the field and run at breakneck speed toward Kitty, shouting to her to run to the fence. He was wondering if Ned had gone crazy, when he noticed that his course was not directly towards the girl, as he thought at first; instead he was running to a point a few yards from where she stood. And while he looked and wondered what the meaning of Ned's sudden impulse might be, he saw rushing down the field towards the girl a huge bull, attracted, no doubt, by the gay colors of her bandana. A prayer escaped the priest's lips as he saw the hopelessness of escape from the enraged beast. Whatever was in Ned's mind, Father Murphy calculated that from the course he was taking it was evident that he meant to attempt staying the animal's advance.

For some time Ned's wild shouting failed to convey its significance to Kitty. She lost many precious moments before she realized her danger. When she saw the animal galloping towards her, she stood for a moment as if rooted to the ground, as lifeless as the bouquet that slipped from her hands.

"Run! Run for the fence!" Ned's repeated warning gave her courage, and wildly she made for the fence.

Within two yards of the protecting wall of stone fence, where steps mounted the side, she stumbled and fell. Picking herself up quickly, she looked back at the infuriated animal, now only a few yards from her. She saw Ned, only a few feet from the animal's head, coming towards him at a triangle. The next moment Ned had bounded at the beast's head, and in the flicker of an eye the animal had turned a complete somersault, coming down on his back on the ground with a sickening thud.

Kitty thought Ned had been killed. She would have fainted had she not caught sight of him sitting up, holding the animal's head on the

ground. He was smiling broadly and panting heavily.

In Ned's dexterous hands the murderous beast was as helpless as a child. In comparison with the beasts he had handled on the ranches of the West this poor creature was as a lamb.

Ned allowed the animal to rise, and holding the ring of his nose he led him back into the far end of the field.

"Oh, Ned, Ned!" sobbed Kitty, when Ned had come to her. "It—it was great of you—you—you saved my life! Will you forgive me for being—so—so mean to you?"

"Why, acushla!" wailed Ned, "sure, 'tis wild beasts I can handle like they were babies, but 'tis a woman I can't understand at all—least of all your own pretty self." Ned plied his blarney. "And sure, if I had a thousand lives, 'tis the happy man I'd be if I could lay them at your feet, asthore, and"—his arm was around her—"if you'd only accept me as your husband!"

Tears were rolling down Kitty's cheeks. Her fine tear-dimmed eyes were glued to Ned's.

"I'm ashamed of myself," she stammered petulantly, 'mid tremulous sobs. "Ned, you're big and fine, and—I—I—love you!"

No sweeter music ever sang to Ned's ears.

"Darling," he exclaimed, with a look of adoration in his eyes, "'tis the happy man you've made me this day. Long live Martin's old murderous maverick!"

From the other end of the field Father Murphy, after witnessing the exciting scene, watched the lovers walk away together. Ned was applying a handkerchief to Kitty's tear-lined cheeks.

"God bless ye!" prayed the priest aloud, proceeding on his journey over the hill. Despite his sixty years, Father Murphy felt spry as a man of twenty this morning. The air was light and bracing, and filled with the songs of the birds.

"Well, well, well," he ruminated, "and Ned was the boy who was set on staying single. Ha! ha! ha! Sure, I saw it all the time. The brown eyes of her yearned for the big smile of him, and two true hearts beat as one. Ah! Crum Ruah is no place for a man bent on staying single; we have too many winsome callins. Well, may God bless ye," he finished, with a look at Kitty and Ned walking hand in hand towards the village.

Visits to Mount Carmel

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

THE SANCTUARY OF OUR LADY

MOUNT CARMEL is known to most Catholics as the sanctuary of the Mother of God, under whose Patronage they place themselves by wearing the brown scapular. By this they also share in the privileges of the Carmelite Order, which takes its name from this Mountain. In the liturgy of the Church and the poetry of the East Carmel is a symbol of Our Blessed Lady, both on account of its unique position and its fertility, and also on account of the color and sweet odor of its blossoms, flowers, and shrubs. Its appearance in March and April was charming, and even in July, in spite of the drought, many traces of its spring beauty were left. In this regard Carmel forms a most striking contrast to the mountains of Samaria, which approach it from the South, and are separated from it only by a deep, but not wide, valley. These mountains are quite bleak in summer, and even in spring they show but little green and no shrubs.

Mount Carmel has the shape of a wedge; its southern extremity is over six miles wide and some 1600 feet high, whereas the northern extremity is narrow and reaches a height of

only 500 feet. The latter stretches almost into the sea, and on the shore to the East lies the town of Haifa round a bay, which, because of the mountain, is better protected against west winds than the landing place of its sister town Jaffa. Since the train connection between Haifa and the Suez Canal has been completed, most pilgrims come now by train from Alexandria to Haifa either directly, or they travel by the same line as far as Lydda, then to Jerusalem and reach Haifa by way of Nazareth in motors. A comfortable road leads from Haifa to Mount Carmel. The top portion of this road has been constructed by the Carmelite Fathers on their own property, and therefore each vehicle has to pay a tax for the use of it. This fact enables us to ascertain how many people on any given day have travelled up the mountain.

Ascending, we reach a square on the top of the mountain. In front of us, towards west is the lighthouse and a small castle now little used. In the midst of the square a statue of Our Lady reminds us that we are on ground dedicated to her. The chief monastery of the Carmelite Order is west of the square. As for the sake of security its lower story has only small windows,

the building looks rather like a fortress. The church is surrounded by the monastic buildings and is dedicated to Our Lady. The life-size figure of the Queen of Heaven, holding in her hand the scapular, thrones above the high altar. The latter is reached on both sides by flights of stairs. Between them steps lead down to a grotto which opens towards the church, so that from the nave of the church one can see the lower altar. This is dedicated to the Prophet Elias, whose statue, with a burning torch in hand, an allusion to the words of Ecclesiasticus (48:11), "His word burnt like a torch," stands on this altar. It is said that the Prophet at one time dwelled in this grotto. Holy Scripture gives no information on this point; but as his successor, Eliseus, certainly did live somewhere here, it is very probable that in this point as in many others he simply copied the example of his spiritual Father.

THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE

If we want to visit that place on Mount Carmel which the holy Prophet undoubtedly sanctified by his presence, we must walk or ride to the southeast peak of the mountain, a distance of some twelve miles. We shall then notice how the ground constantly rises. Before starting from the monastery, we turn round towards North and see, across the bay of Haifa, the Crusader fortress of Acca, one of the last places held by the crusaders against the Turks. Towards the West we see the Mediterranean with the ruins of Athlit, which was able to hold out longest against the Turks even after Acca had fallen, because it was protected towards the land of morasses, which can still be seen. Riding towards the South we soon lose sight of the sea, for our path does not follow the ridge which runs along the coast, but rather the Eastern one, which moves further and further away from the Mediterranean. On our left the mountain drops steeply towards the lower valley of the river Kisson, which comes from the plain of Esdraelon or Jezrahel, the widest plain in Palestine, and the historical battle ground of the different Oriental nations. Towards the East this plain is bordered by the mountains of Gelboe, where Saul and Jonathan lost their lives. Its boundary towards the South are the mountains of Samaria, and towards the North are Mount Tabor and the mountains of Galilee. The path leads us higher and higher up, until we reach the southeast peak, the highest point of Carmel. Here stood in the time of Elias the altar of the sun god Baal. The spot was well chosen for the purpose: The rising sun gilded it when all the neighboring heights were still in darkness; during the day no other mountain could put it into shade; and in the evening

the sun illuminated it until he fell into the sea. Although at that time Carmel did not belong to Israel, but to Phenicia, yet we can understand that the worshippers of Baal, dwelling in the plain or in the neighboring mountains, would prefer to come here, rather than go to the Temple of Baal, which king Achab, at the instigation of his Sidonian queen Jezabel, had built in the distant Samaria. We know what God's punishment for this idolatry of the Israelites was: No rain was to fall until God sent a message to the king by Elias. The Prophet, who had also to announce this punishment to the king, had to flee for his life. First, he was wonderfully fed at the brook Carith beyond the Jordan, and when the brook dried up he had to go into the country of the pagan Sidonians. For three years the usual winter rain ceased, and as it came only in the fourth year, the drouth lasted three years and six months. When the time of the scourge neared its end, Elias returned and invited the humbled king, the 450 priests of Baal, and the sobered people to come with him to the peak of Mount Carmel, where the idolatrous altar stood. Most of the people still believed in the true God, but out of human respect they had allowed themselves to be persuaded to idolatry by the priests of Baal, who lived on the popular folly. When the large crowd of curious and hopeful Israelites had occupied the gentle slope North of the altar, where all could see and hear, Elias upbraided them for their fickleness in worshipping two opposed divinities, and exhorted them to choose either Baal or the God of Israel for the sole object of their worship. He suggested that they should adore that God who was able to send fire from heaven on the bull placed on his altar. The people agreed and the priests of Baal were thus constrained to consent. Elias granted them precedence. As their altar was ready, and many hands were helping to kill and prepare the bull for sacrifice, they took little time to place the victim in position. But they spent in vain several hours invoking Baal to send fire from heaven. In the midday heat of the cloudless sky they ran around their altar, but all to no purpose. In the meantime Elias built an altar to the true God, out of twelve stones, as was the custom of the Israelites, then killed his bull for the sacrifice and placed it on the wood of the altar. In order to preclude any suspicion of fraud, he soaked the meat and the wood with water to such an extent that the water filled the little ditch which he had dug round the foot of the altar. When the fire did come down and consumed meat and wood and stones and water, the Israelites fell down to worship the only true God. Where did Elias get so much water from and in so short a time?

The sea is over six miles distant, and from the nearest point of the river Kisson it is three miles of steep ascent. The answer is given by a well, only half a mile below the place of sacrifice, which has never been known to have run dry. This fact is a confirmation of the correctness of the tradition as to the exact place of this sacrifice; for no other Eastern peak of Carmel has a well so near by. The old name of the place, "Mountain of Slaughter," too, points to the fact that here the 450 priests of Baal were slain by the people at the command of the prophet. A mound down in the valley close to the Kisson, the spot nearest to the place of sacrifice, is called the "Hill of the Priests," clearly because they were buried there in a common grave, as no deep ditch for their common grave could be dug on the rocky Carmel. After the priests of Baal had thus been cleared out of the way, Elias returned to the top of the mountain in order to pray, until a small cloud, having the size of a man's foot, announced the coming rain.

On this sacred spot there is now a little church in honor of Saint Elias, with an adjoining small monastery, which, when enlarged, is to serve as a novitiate for the Oriental Missionary Province of the Carmelite Order. I had the joy of spending a Sunday in this quiet spot. Only one house is nearer than three miles, and the nearest village, surrounded by an Olive grove, is beyond that distance. Whilst some pious souls honour here the prophet in silence and solicitude, large crowds keep his feast at the other end of the mountain with joyful noise.

THE FEAST OF SAINT ELIAS

The Carmelite Order celebrates the feast of Saint Elias, its precursor, within the octave of the feast of the scapular, viz., on July 20th. This is, of course, not the day of his death; for the Prophet was taken away alive from this world, and he is to return to announce the second coming of our Lord, as Saint John the Baptist was the herald of the first. According to some interpreters of the Apocalypse of Saint John (11:3-9), the two witnesses (Enoch and Elias) are to be killed by the enemies of God; for this reason the Order keeps the feast of its patron as that of a martyr.

In no other Church is this celebration such a popular feast as in that of Our Lady on Mount Carmel. The superior of the monastery, who is styled Vicar, because the General of the Order is called Prior of Mount Carmel, by a kind invitation enabled me to be present at the great solemnity. With the exception of the Jews all the native religions are represented at it, and all honour Elias as the Prophet who is to come again. There worship of the saint rests to a great extent on fear. They know that Elias did

not only call fire from heaven upon the sacrifice, but also on two groups of soldiers, each fifty strong, whom king Ochozias, the eldest son of Achab and Jezabel, had sent against him—(4 Kings 1:9, ss.). For this reason they want to be on good terms with the Prophet, so that on his return they may be treated by him as friends.

On the eve of the feast the stream of pilgrims arrived in vehicles of all descriptions. They came from North and East and West, as could be seen by their different costumes; there must have been over 10,000 of them. Our Lady's square between the lighthouse and the monastery was the place of unloading and the terminus of most vehicles. As it is accessible not only directly from Haifa, but also by the narrow lane, which leads along the monastery, this latter passage was really dangerous for foot passengers. On the square and on the field at the other end of the lane there were numerous booths erected for the sale of fruit, refreshing drinks, food, and all kinds of sweets. The latter were also appreciated by the adults; and although the majority of the pilgrims were Mohammedans, and, therefore, declared teetotalers, yet the sellers of beer and wine did a considerable trade. Hot food was not much in demand, not even hot beverages in the morning; for most of the pilgrims partook of the cold food which they had brought with them. Dancing with native music, songs, recitations, fireworks, and friendly talk occupied the crowd until a late hour. But although there was such a mixture of religions, races, conditions, and regions, everything went on most peacefully, and the numerous policemen had no other occupation than to amuse themselves, like other people.

But what about sleeping accommodation? Each one of the numerous olive trees served as roof for a different family; each of them, gathering under a tree, wrapped in blankets or mantles, and lay on the ground. As in July the fall of dew is not heavy, no one suffered any harm from this exposure. It was after midnight when the humming of voices ceased and the sound announced the arrival of a general peaceful sleep. How many next morning had the inclination and the chance of washing, I cannot say, but the cisterns, which had gathered the winter rain, were extensively drawn upon.

Next morning early, life commenced again. I wished to say Mass at the altar in the grotto in front of the statue of the Prophet; but as I was warned, that owing to the early throng of the crowd, I should be unpleasantly disturbed there, I said Mass at the high altar at five o'clock. Even during this Mass the pilgrims filled the church and pressed towards the sacred statue. As only few came within reach, they

helped others by touching the statue for them with articles of devotion, or even caps, hats, handkerchiefs, or other articles of clothing. With these objects they then touched their faces and those of their relations. Only the Latin Catholics paid attention to the High Mass which was sung at seven; the others, moving to and fro, went on with their private devotions. Only when the bell gave the signal for the sermon in Arabic, everybody stopped and listened attentively and motionless. After the sermon was the procession with the statue. No bearers were appointed beforehand, nor was there any need, as numerous volunteers came forward; they carried the statue on outstretched arms high above their heads. When they showed signs of fatigue, others took their places. The procession went from the church and round Our Lady's square and then returned. In spite of the great crowd, the narrow lane, and the frequent changes of the bearers, the procession went off in perfect order.

Now followed the most interesting part, viz., the dedication of boys to Saint Elias. Boys between three and five years old are brought in groups before the statue. A priest in stole and surplice says some prayers over them and cuts

a few locks from their heads. In return, the parents, even Mohammedans, offer a candle. The ceremony is repeated until all the applicants have had their turn. Outside, along the narrow lane, stood the men in a row on each side. One after the other the boys were led through the rows, and the men, with clapping of hands congratulated the lucky boys, and sang in a chorus just as they do at weddings. As the procedure lasted over an hour, and the throats became dry from the singing and the growing morning heat, the parents had refreshing lemonade handed round. The midday meal reunited the families under their trees, and then those who had come a long way drove down to the mountain. At Benediction in the afternoon there was still a good attendance, but at sunset only a small number of pilgrims were left. To us it might appear as if a devotion, founded as it seems on superstitious fear, would not confer much spiritual good on souls. But the Saint, knowing the ignorant simplicity of his clients, will intercede for them. And we may hope that at least at the hour of death they may receive a ray of faith from the Teacher of the Prophets, Who enlightens every man that cometh into this world.

Little Walks in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

THE cool spring afternoon in Rome finds the pilgrim strolling about visiting the churches and resting for a brief second, by some splashing fountain, in a shady piazza.

He begins his walk at the Palazzo della Cancelleria. This building, owned by the Vatican and containing the offices of the Apostolic Chancery, is one of the finest of the early Renaissance. The lines are so lovely that the eye is enchanted by their beauty.

Forming part of this palace is the church of St. Lorenzo in Damaso. Here St. Francis Xavier once preached a course of Lenten Sermons and his statue faces the entrance. St. Charles Borromeo said Mass in this church many times.

Close by is the Palazzo Massimo, with its curved façade, its two graceful courts, and its rich chapel dedicated to St. Philip Neri. Within a short walking distance is the Brancaccio Palace. The traveller strolls into the splendid Piazza Navona or Circo Agonale and admires the three splendid fountains that fling their cooling waters high into the air. The center fountain by Bernini supports an obelisk brought from the Circus of Maxentius. Around the mass of the rock are figures of the gods of

the four largest rivers in the world. The lower fountain, also by Bernini, is adorned with Tritons and the figure of a Moor.

A few minutes walk brings the pilgrim to the Church of St. Agostino, containing under the altar of the Blessed Sacrament the body of St. Monica. Near the entrance is a miraculous statue of our Lady and Child, known as the Madonna del Parto, one of the most venerated Madonnas in Rome.

The statue is the work of Sansovino. From early morn, until the shadows cover the narrow street of the city, devout clients of Mary wend their way to this shrine to lay their petition before her tender eyes. The silver hearts and other votive offerings surrounding the Madonna, and completely covering the walls close by, attest that their confidence is not in vain.

The high altar of St. Agostino, designed by Bernini, is constructed of rich marbles and has as its central ornament a Greek picture of our Lady, brought from Constantinople in 1453.

Close by, is the Church of St. Luigi dei Francesi, or St. Louis of the French. This is the national church of the French and contains a number of tombs of eminent French men who have died in Rome.

One of the chapels, dedicated to St. Cecilia, was frescoed by Domenichino with scenes from her life. His "Death of St. Cecilia" is a masterpiece of striking beauty.

A few minutes walk brings the pilgrim to the Pantheon, the most perfect pagan building in Rome. It was built in the year 27 B. C. by Marcus Agrippa, the intimate friend of Augustus, as a temple in honour of Jupiter, of Mars, and of Venus. In 610 Pope St. Boniface IV consecrated it as a Christian church, and dedicated it to St. Mary of the Martyrs, on account of the numerous relics of the martyrs deposited in the church from the catacombs.

The Pantheon has been, to some extent, secularized and is now regarded as a civil monument and tomb for the Italian Kings. One large niche is occupied by the tomb of Victor Emmanuel II, and in the niche on the opposite side is the tomb of King Humbert I, who was assassinated in July, 1900.

The eminent Raphael, the greatest painter of modern times, is buried here; and many other painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians.

The interior is a rotunda, having an enormous dome with an open aperture through which the light enters. Byron, in one of his inspirational moments, called the Pantheon "the pride of Rome—shrine of all saints and temple of all gods."

Turning sadly away, the pilgrim enters, in a few moments, the lovely gothic church of St. Maria sopra Minerva, built on the site of a temple of Minerva. Beneath the high altar, with lamps ever burning before it, is a marble sarcophagus enclosing the body of St. Catherine of Siena. The body, still incorrupt, was placed here in 1855. Near the sacristy is the room of St. Catherine.

Fra Angelico is also buried here. He is the prince of religious painters and, it is said, he never painted a crucifix without tears bathing his cheeks, nor began his work without first kneeling and offering it up to God. His angels and saints have a heavenly look that no other painter has ever succeeded in obtaining.

Many works of art are in this church, among them a beautiful statue of Christ by Michelangelo.

In the Piazza della Minerva there is a strange monument designed by Bernini, of an elephant with an obelisk on its back.

Before concluding his little walk the pilgrim visits the church of St. Ignatius in the Piazza St. Ignatio. This church belongs to the Jesuit Fathers and was begun in 1626 by Cardinal Ludovisi. The decoration of the ceiling is a work of Brother Pozzi, S. J., a master of perspective, who also designed the altars in the right and left transepts beneath which repose

the bodies of the angelic youths, Sts. Aloysius and John Berchmans, in urns of lapis lazuli.

Near the altar of St. Aloysius is a shrine of blessed Robert Bellarmine. Under it his body, still incorrupt, may be seen. In the Roman College adjoining the church are the rooms of Sts. Aloysius and John Berchmans. With many a fervent prayer the pilgrim looks at their books and letters and gazes reverently at the scenes of their lives pictured on the walls.

Then he returns to the church by way of a spiral staircase containing 105 steps.

Out on the bustling, noisy street he hurries to his pension just in time to be greeted by his host in the charming Italian fashion with the quaint phrase: "Buon appetito."

Typhoid Fever

IN the past twenty-four years preventive medicine has achieved one of its greatest results in the control of typhoid fever.

In 1900, when the population of Indiana was 2,516,000, there were 1440 deaths from this disease, and the death rate has gradually decreased until 1923, when there were only 207 typhoid deaths, although the state population has increased to 2,930,544.

This remarkable demonstration of disease control will undoubtedly be carried to a magnificent conclusion when there will be no more typhoid fever in Indiana. This will be accomplished when all the people of the state have a pure water, food, and milk supply as the result of close cooperation between health authorities and the public. The cities of the state have better supervision of these supplies than the rural districts which accounts for the fact that more of the typhoid cases are now found in rural communities.

The germ of typhoid is a minute plant which can only be identified by the aid of a high power microscope. These germs are so small that several million of them can be contained in a drop of water. They have certain characteristics of growth and appearance which makes it easy to distinguish them from other germs such as those found in tuberculosis or diphtheria.

The typhoid germ is found in the discharges from the bowels and kidneys of typhoid patients and if these excretions are not purified by agents recommended by the health authorities, they will pollute any water, milk, or food supply with which they come in contact. This has been demonstrated in hundreds of typhoid epidemics of which the following is a typical instance.

The people of a town of 10,000 in a middle western state got their water supply from shallow wells which connected with a river. The

people of the town had been drinking this water for twenty years without ill effects. A lumber camp was established near the river a few miles above the wells, and the state health officer warned the people that their water supply would be contaminated. For two years nothing happened, and then a lumber jack in the camp developed typhoid fever. The discharges from the bowels were thrown on the ground without purification and they were soon washed into the river. Before the man recovered there were 330 cases of typhoid developed in the town, and of these thirty died. A chlorine treatment plant for purifying the water was then installed and the epidemic was immediately controlled.

Many epidemics have been traced to a contaminated milk supply and the common source of contamination is usually a milker who is a typhoid carrier.

A typhoid carrier is an individual who harbors typhoid germs in his body without affecting his own health but is a menace to others. These carriers give off typhoid germs in the body excretions and the germs are often found on their hands and under the finger nails. All dairies should be inspected periodically for typhoid carriers.

In former wars it was not unusual for typhoid fever to kill more soldiers than bullets. However, a typhoid vaccine has been developed which is usually an absolute preventive if given every seven years. Typhoid vaccination has been compulsory in the U. S. Army since 1911, and as a result, the disease has practically been eliminated. In the Spanish American War, a division of 10,759 Americans had 4,442 cases of typhoid with 248 deaths. In the 1911 Texas maneuvers under very similar conditions, except that the men were vaccinated, only one case of typhoid developed in a force of 12,801 men. In the Spanish American War epidemic, the disease was transmitted by flies which carried the germs on their feet from the latrines to the men's food.

The treatment of typhoid fever has changed of late years, and patients are allowed a more liberal diet than formerly.

It should be remembered by tourists that doubtful milk and water will be made safe by a few minutes boiling and that this and vaccination constitute the surest typhoid prevention.—Bulletin of Indiana State Medical Association.

A Case of Bird Reasoning

F. H. SWEET

One of the most remarkable examples of bird reasoning which ever came under my notice occurred near my old home at Peace Dale, R. I.

In the village are two large woolen mills, and between the upper one and a pond is a long canal, or mill race. Through this race, when the factories are running, the water flows very swiftly. Near the upper mill, and leaning over the race, is a small tree, its slender branches bending down almost to the water's surface.

One day a pair of robins were noticed examining this tree; and an hour or so later they were busily engaged in building a nest in the fork of one of the branches, directly over the swiftest part of the race.

Many curious eyes watched them from the factory windows. The place was so exposed, and yet so inaccessible; almost within arm's length of the public road, and yet beyond reach of the most agile cat, whose weight would be too heavy for the slender limb.

By noon the next day the nest was two-thirds completed; then suddenly, to the surprise of the two or three who happened to be watching at the time, the robins ceased work, as though in sudden doubt. Evidently a new idea had occurred to them, or the knowledge of something overlooked; for, after a hurried consultation, they began to remove the nest, carrying it away straw by straw. Later, it was discovered that they had rebuilt it in a thick clump of alders, and only a few feet from the ground.

And the reason was too patent even for speculation. The robins' first idea had been to put their home beyond reach of boys and predatory animals. Here the mill race had seemed a safeguard to them. Then they must have looked forward to the time when their little ones would be old enough to leave the nest, but too weak to fly. What would happen to them, with that mad rush of water beneath? So they had removed their nest, of two evils choosing the less.

Eucharistic Heart of my God, living and beating under the veil of the sacred species, I adore Thee.

Midsummer

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

The sky in all the majesty
Of supreme, sovereign sun
Gives earth a beauty, vivid, free,
From its uplifting won.

Now eve is silvery ghost of day.
A shimmering of delight
The sea. The hills illumined will stay
From dawn to star-rich night.

If summer's flush too ardent rest,
A healing sweet will lay
Soft breathings of the south and west
Like fairy fingers stray.

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Photographs were sent recently from Honolulu to New York, a distance of 5,060 miles, in twenty minutes. Transmission was partly by wireless, partly by wire.

—The success of the recent rubber surfacing for bridges in Boston and Chicago forecasts the use of rubber for road paving material. Noiselessness, long wear, freedom from vibration, prevention of skidding, are some of the good qualities. The great objections are the limited amount of material and the first cost. Experts are now seeking a way for reclaiming old motor-car tires to supply material and lessen the cost.

—The farmer will be asked soon as to the protein content of his wheat, just as the milk is now tested for the butter fat. The protein is the nitrogenous element of food, the exclusive muscle builder. Dietitians also warn us against too much animal protein, and call attention to the higher protein content in staple cereals. Wheat is now bought at a premium if it contains protein higher than a certain fixed minimum. Hence studies as to how to increase the protein content promise greater wealth to the farmer. Some causes, as quality of soil, climate, winds, and weather during the last two weeks before harvest, are beyond control. But two other causes offer help. The first is early plowing, since this checks the weeds that exhaust the nitrogen content of the soil. The second is proper fertilizer to supply nitrogen compounds to the soil.

—A prominent Catholic worker in the field of science, the Abbé Henri Breuil, was awarded a gold medal by the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, D. C. for outstanding contributions to scientific knowledge. The award is for the Abbé's recent work—*Les Combarelles des Eyzies*. The book represents twenty years of explorations and research. The Academy of Sciences states: "Abbé Breuil has made accessible to all those interested in Paleolithic art the 291 figures or important fragments of figures that have been deciphered at Les Combarelles."

—Is the tide turning among extreme evolutionists? Even in their own ranks, book after book appears, questioning the cocksure claims that the human soul came from matter. Professor L. T. More, in a recent book, *"The Dogma of Evolution,"* resents particularly the assumption by certain biologists of physical terms and phrases to give an appearance of certainty to mere hypothesis.

—The medical specialist is adapting himself to the view of the general practitioner—for instance,—that if you have a sick heart, you have also a sick man. But the specialists are tending to the ideal of better coordination among themselves by erecting 'medical centers.' A medical center combines a number of medical institutions for a variety of needs, the various departments being conducted by specialists.

—Photographs from airplanes should offer a convenient way for making a map of the landscape. In

practice, however, it is impossible to have the photographic plate exactly level or to prevent distortion at the edges of the picture. A new method now allows for the correction of these defects. Consecutive photographs, with overlapping edges, are taken from the airplane. After this, on the ground, the relative elevations of four points, which appear on each photograph, are taken. This shows the angle of slant on the photograph due to the swaying of the airplane. The photograph is then placed at such an angle that a copy made by a camera will correct the distortion, producing a finished picture as though taken from an airplane perfectly horizontal with the earth's surface. From this corrected photograph, a complete map is derived, with all details as to contours and location of objects.

—Paris reports an interesting test for selecting motormen. The applicant for a situation sees on a movie screen before him all the incidents of street working,—vehicles crossing the street, automobiles in motion, pedestrians walking, etc., and must work his controls accordingly. A revolving drum records his actions.

—Can there be another universe outside of ours? This is a rather startling way to state that beyond the starry regions, so far observed by astronomers, there lie unexplored regions. In the great nebulae of Andromeda, twenty-three new stars have blazed forth in the last two years.

—It is often claimed that a man, falling a thousand feet through the air, would become unconscious before striking the ground. To test the assertion, an army officer deliberately dropped 1500 feet from an airplane before opening the parachute for a safe landing. He was conscious throughout the entire fall.

—The increasing number of automobile accidents has lead to a thorough study of causes and remedies. Contrary to the popular belief that the speed demon is the chief cause, careful study shows that inattention is the greatest one single cause of accidents. While speed causes the greatest number of deaths, it stands ninth in the list for accidents. Special efforts to instruct both driver and 'jaywalker' as to safety first have helped. Whilst the fatalities from automobiles have risen steadily, the death rate per 10,000 cars has decreased steadily from 24 in the year 1915, to 10 in the year 1924.

—The 'tin lizzie' is robbing the pullman. The traveling man is taking from the railroad and taking to his own car. One large manufacturing company reports that the new method enables its salesmen to reach 40 per cent more customers.

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

—Can snoring be called 'sheet music'?

—Some truth may come from false teeth.

—Education seems to play in money—excepting to the educator.

—Sand and grit are often required to make gold.

—Scientists wish some inside information as to the center of the earth.

—One exchange suggests that less crime news in the papers might be required from the police. How about training of conscience?

—If the dreams for air traffic by airplane come true, we shall have to dodge both flivver and flier.

—Ideals will not work unless you do.

—We all agree with the article entitled: "The Value of Breathing."

—A redeeming feature of many popular songs is that they are short-lived.

—Philosophy is often all that a modern theorist has.

—One of the mysteries of radio is—how did static find out the time you wished to demonstrate?

—The more one sits the less he can stand, but if a person lies a great deal, he loses all standing.

—The pursuit for happiness is not necessarily at fifty miles an hour.

—With four times as many automobiles as the rest of the world, the United States might adopt as national flower the 'carnation.'

—With neutrodyne, superheterodyne, why will the nonstaticdyne not follow?

—Statistics show that longevity for man is increased. Is the age of discretion also delayed?

—Whilst the hairpin industry is suffering a depression, there is a greater demand for padlocks.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—Sister Mary Helen, of the Sisters of Mercy, of Baltimore, has received from Governor Ritchie the appointment as a member on the Maryland State Board of Examiners for Nurses. This is the first time a religious has held such a position in the State.

—At Madison Lake, Minnesota, Rev. A. M. Gmeinder, a Catholic priest, has been elected mayor of the town. The new mayor announced that he would enforce all the laws strictly.

—Fifty persons, of whom the most were members of the United States Marine Corps, were confirmed recently at Quantico, Virginia, by the Apostolic Delegate.

—According to statistics issued by the National Bureau of Casualty and Survey Underwriters, 19,000 deaths, and injuries to 450,000, were caused in the United States by automobiles in 1924.

—There are 114 Catholic colleges and sixteen Catholic universities in the United States. These institutions have a total attendance of about 19,203 students with approximately 2,000 professors.

—The Quigley Preparatory Seminary at Chicago is being enlarged so as to provide accommodations for 1,000 students.

—This summer the Jesuits will open in the neighborhood of Cincinnati their sixth novitiate in the United States.

—It is estimated that 156,893 persons perished in Japan in the terrible earthquake, and in the destructive fires that followed, on September 1, 1923. And now comes the report that another earthquake has claimed

its thousands in the same unfortunate country.

—The body of "little" Bernadette Subirous, (Venerable Sister Marie Bernard), through whose visions of the Immaculate Conception Lourdes has become world renowned, was exhumed recently at the mother house of the Sisters of Charity at Nevers, France. After a confinement of forty-six years in the tomb, the body was found intact, but the color of the flesh was almost black.

—A monument is to be erected in the Arlington National Cemetery to the six Catholic chaplains who lost their lives in service during the late World War.

—To the eminent satisfaction of all concerned the Sisters of Humility of Mary have conducted the Elizabeth City (North Carolina) Hospital during the past year. For several years previous the city tried to conduct its own hospital, but did not succeed very well. The sisters, however, have proved a decided success. The latest official Catholic directory makes mention of Elizabeth City only because of its hospital, which has a resident chaplain. Otherwise it seems to be unknown in Catholic circles.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Charles A. O'Hern, rector of the American College in Rome, who had been in the United States since September, collecting funds with which to put up a new college building in the Holy City, died at Rochester, Minnesota, on May 12th.

—William Green, a non-Catholic, who is president of the American Federation of Labor, in an address before the Marquette Club, Milwaukee, paid a glowing tribute to the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on the condition of labor.

—Following the World War, the number of years devoted to the course in the ancient classics in the schools of Germany were reduced. The pre-war standard of nine years of Latin and six years of Greek has been restored to the schools of the republic.

—Rev. Timothy Maher, C. S. C., who was born on March 3, 1831, in County Tipperary, Ireland, died at Notre Dame, Indiana, on May 15th. Father Maher had been a priest since Aug. 15, 1869. Up to the time of his death, despite his ninety-four years, this venerable priest and model religious was cheerful and youthful and took a lively interest in current events.

—The water power that goes to waste at Niagara Falls would probably light and heat all the United States and Canada if it were properly harnessed and put to work. Even now power plants radiate electricity to neighboring cities in all directions. Through international cooperation the Falls are soon to be brilliantly illuminated by night.

—Edward Jacobi, of New York, a bedridden stage electrician, who is, humanly speaking, hopelessly ill with a ruptured heart, is going to Lourdes with the firm hope of a complete recovery. May Our Blessed Mother obtain for him the cure that he desires. Mr. Jacobi is the sole support of a family of five. Theatrical friends raised \$3,000 to pay the expenses of the sick man's trip abroad.

—Sister M. Madeleva, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who is at present connected with Holy Rosary

Academy, Woodland, California, has received from the University of California the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Sister Madeleva is the first religious to obtain the doctorate at this university. She is the author of "Chaucer's Nuns and Knights," as also of a volume of verse, both of which have received very favorable comment.

—The second annual retreat of the International Catholic Guild of Nurses was held at Spring Bank, Okauchee, Wisconsin, from May 31 to June 4. The retreat, which was given by Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., was followed by a three-day conference. Many men and women of note, doctors, nurses, and social workers, read papers.

—It seems a peculiar coincidence that a Yankee, who happens to be a religious of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Bro. R. Vital, should be mayor of a Buddhist City in India, Akyab, on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal. Akyab was one of the cities at which the world fliers stopped on their recent flight around the world. His Honor, the Mayor, headed the committee that welcomed the fliers to Akyab. Bro. Vital is on a visit with relatives at the old home in Massachusetts.

MISSION

—In their great printing establishment at Steyl, Holland, the Society of the Divine Word has a large roto-gravure press, six rotary presses, and eight Miehle flat bed presses. In the bindery department there is a machine, the invention of a lay brother, which stitches and finishes 30,000 almanacs in a day. Formerly it took a force of twice as many men to finish 18,000 in a day. The press room of this big mission plant employs thirty-five brothers while thirty are engaged at the typesetting machines. The book bindery also employs thirty brothers, besides the same number of sisters. This mission Society believes in the apostolate of the press.

—Two young Korean women have just made their vows as religious in the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic at Maryknoll, New York.

—Rev. Peter Henri d'Orgeval, a hero of the World War, known as the fighting chaplain of France, who was cited five times for bravery in action, has gone to Molokai, the "Isle of the Lepers," to administer to these unfortunates.

—In the fifty years of its existence the Society of the Divine Word has had a phenomenal growth. To see its great complex of substantial buildings at Techny, Illinois, its first foundation in the United States, a person is astonished at what it has accomplished in the twenty-five fruitful years of its existence in the land of plenty. With missions in nearly all parts of the world, the Society now has four bishops, 200 priests, and 367 sisters in the field; 178 priests, 90 brothers, and 300 sisters in colonial parochial work. Besides these there are 760 priests, 1,000 brothers, and 460 students in its thirty-three mission houses.

EUCCHARISTIC

—The first native Japanese sisterhood to be devoted to perpetual adoration was established recently. These

sisters, who are known as Aishikwai, also conduct a hospital, principally for charity cases; some have charge of a Mothers' Society, others conduct a kindergarten.

—Professor Otto Singenberger, of the Pio Nono Institute, at Milwaukee, teacher of music and composer, will train and lead a children's chorus of 50,000 voices, and another of 20,000 high school students, at field Masses to be held during the International Eucharistic Congress at Chicago next year.

—Four thousand post office employees, members of the New York Post Office branch of the Holy Name Society, received Holy Communion in a body at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Cardinal Hayes celebrated the Mass, after which 3,000 marched, with the American flag at their head, to the Astor House for breakfast.

—At St. Teresa Church, Brooklyn, 2,500 members of the Police Department of the Holy Name Society received Holy Communion in a body of the first Sunday of May.

Benedictine Chronicle and Review

DOM LOUIS BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

ENGLAND:—Sir Walter Scott, in "Marmion" (Canto II), mentions the Benedictine legend concerning the secret burial place of St. Cuthbert, in Durham Cathedral. Down the ages the general belief has been that the secret has been transmitted through three monks, from generation to generation. But Rt. Rev. Abbot Cummins, O. S. B., Titular Abbot of York, wrote recently in the "Ampleforth Journal" (Vol. XXX, No. 1) that "the 'secret' is not limited to three monks, it is not held under oath, it consists of a written description and plan." As the authorities of Durham Cathedral have proposed to give every facility for testing the Benedictine tradition, it is hoped that we may soon find the incorrupt body of St. Cuthbert. The saint died in 687. In the 12th century his coffin was opened and the body was found incorrupt; the same corroborated by the writings of the commission of Henry VIII. So we may again pray with the Psalmist: "Non dabis sanctum tuum videre corruptionem."

We are very glad to recommend Dom Hugh Bévenot's "Pagan and Christian Rule" (Longman's, 1924, \$1.75 net, 173 pp.). Dom Bévenot is no stranger to readers of the "Grail" and he counts the lovers of his poetry by the hundreds. The above-mentioned volume, with an introduction by Hilaire Belloc, essays to film the pagan and Christian, civil and religious government during the ages of Augustus, Theodosius the Great and in the famous thirteenth century. Influences on society, institutions, and politics are well portrayed in these sketches and many contemporary references are inserted. It is a true study which brings out the mentality of those periods as well as the facts of history.

An important document for English miniature work of the 13th century is the "Illustrations to the Life of St. Albans" (Oxford, 1924, 4to, 40 pp. 57 copperplates). The descriptions are rendered by M. R. James and are

excellent contributions to the art of the scriptorium of St. Albans.

GERMANY:—Dom Romuald Baeurreiss, O. S. B., librarian of St. Boniface's Abbey, Munich, has written a little work of seventeen pages that has demanded much research, viz., his "Irische Frühmissionäre in Südbayern." The author presents the view that St. Corbinian, first Bishop of Freising (d. 730), was one of the Irishmen who became a missionary of Central Bavaria. The above and other studies had been prepared for the celebration of the twelfth centenary of the foundation of Freising.

A monograph of 104 pages of exalted theme and language clear is "Christus unser Liturgie," by Dom. Ch. Panfoeder, O. S. B. (Abtei S. Joseph, Coesfeld, Westphalia, 1924). It is the forerunner of a series destined to study the Liturgy from within, to penetrate its spirit and not to describe its exterior forms or rites. The first volume augurs well for its successors from the Benedictine Abbey at Coesfeld. The cover is stamped with an antique design—the Chrismon and wine branch—recalling the African basilica of Tebessa.

ITALY:—"S. Romualdo Abate et il S. Eremo de Camaldoli," by D. Timoteo M. Chimenti, O. S. B., is a little book of 135 pages with 21 excellent illustrations. The author is attached to the old hermitage near Florence, a Camaldolese, whose order, the Camaldoli is a branch of the Benedictine Order. Their founder was St. Romuald, a Benedictine monk of St. Appollinaris' Abbey, Ravenna, an abbey under the obedience of Cluny in the eleventh century. He adopted the hermitical mode of life in preference to the cenobitical. Today the Camoldoli embrace both forms of life, for in each of their five monasteries, besides the hermitages, part of the community leads the cenobitical manner of livelihood which was called by St. Benedict, "the strongest." Dom Chimenti brings the reader in close contact with both.

"Dom Mayeul Lamey (1842-1903), Grand Prior of the Benedictines at Cluny," by Edward Gontay, (Paris, Blond and Co. 307 pp.) is a biography of a true monk of the twentieth century. Dom Mayeul was a universal genius, proficient in astronomy, painting, engraving, writing, history, and philosophy. As a writer he was the author of the "Monologium Cluniacense" and numerous works on natural sciences. As an astronomer he was a student of the learned Secchi and is frequently mentioned in the works of Flammarion. His ideal was to restore the grandeur and influence of Cluny and in pursuance of this ideal he gathered about him monks who were scientists and specialists in astronomy, physics, and mathematics. Leo XIII highly endorsed their endeavors in 1892. In 1901 Dom Lamey and his monks were exiled from France and they took residence in Aosta, Italy. Since the founder's death, the monks, under Dom Iehl, O. S. B., continue their good works for the souls in purgatory, a truly Cluniac devotion, for it was St. Odilo (d. 1098) who instituted the feast of All Souls on Nov. 2, and Dom Lamey, in 1898, who was instrumental in obtaining the renewal of the privilege

of celebrating three Masses on that day. Besides their monastic duties and studies, the monks consecrate their time to scientific labor, such as weaving, printing, and designing special glasses for optical instruments.

The publication of an old 12th century document is the first work that Dom Mauro Inguañez, O. S. B., guest master at Monte Cassino, has given us this year. It is the third volume of the series, "Tabularium Cassinense," and is the "Regesto di S. Angelo in Formis" (XV-252 pp. 25 lire, 4 facsimiles of the Register). An album of the same chronicle, containing 18 chromolithographs, accompanies the work. S. Angelo is an old Basilica to which was attached a monastery with extensive land grants at Tifata, near Capua. The lands had been given to Abbot Cardinal Desiderius, a Lombard, by Richard I in 1072. Like all the productions of Monte Cassino, the "Regesto" is done with much care and the miniatures are artistically reproduced.

The Holy See, some time ago, recommended special courses of Christian Art for seminaries and the creation of diocesan museums and local commissions for the protection of religious edifices. Cardinal Gasparri, in a circular letter, recently requested the bishops to guard zealously their patrimonies of sacred art, edifices of worship, liturgical ornaments, sacred vases, reliquaries, paintings, etc. A Central Commission for Sacred Art has been instituted in Rome with Abbot Shuster, O. S. B., of St. Paul-outside-the-Walls, as its president, who is renowned for his liturgical writings. Not so very long ago a high ecclesiastical dignitary said to a monk: "A beautiful liturgy is good for the monasteries." We think it would be 'good' elsewhere also! The present Commission will endeavor to use its influence in inspecting, directing, and examining plans for new churches, restoration of old ones, and in developing a general artistic and liturgical taste among the faithful by lectures.

AMERICA:—"Dynamic Psychology," by Dom Thomas Moore, O. S. B., Ph. D., M. D., (Lippincott, Phila., 1925, 444 pp. \$3.00) is an introduction to modern psychological theory and practice written by a specialist in that field in an up-to-date manner. The present work supplies a real need and anyone, priest, physician, or intelligent layman, seeking satisfactory information on problems of the mind, will get from this practical book all that can be gathered from the most reliable and most recent sources.

An essay on the comparative study of religion from the viewpoint of a student who professes the Christian religion with conviction is such by O. Hordman, M. A., in his: "The Ideals of Asceticism" (Macmillan, 1925, 230 pp. \$2.00). The writer has delved deeply into his subject, since he has given us twelve pages of bibliography after the preface of the book. His essay is more than an attempt the full scope and the true significance of asceticism. The work will be a powerful contribution from the comparative angle towards the sore need of a present day return to a strenuous Christian life.

As a general rule a work loses its snap and vivacity

in a translation and yet, strange to say, we have heard that Shakespeare is better in German than in English! Be that as it may, the book: "Christian Spirituality during the Middle Ages," by Rev. Dr. Pourrat, originally written in French, is wonderfully well rendered in English by S. P. Jacques. It is a second volume, printed by Kenedy and Sons (1924, 336 pp. \$5.00). In this volume, Dr. Pourrat, Rector of the Grand Seminary of Lyons, deals with the great ascetic and mystical writers of the Middle Ages from St. Bernard down to the Renaissance epoch. The first three chapters treat of the origin of Medieval Benedictinism from Cluny (910) to Blois (1506-66) and their reading makes the student live in those ages of practical Benedictine piety and spirituality. Practical indeed, since the disdained theories of speculative theology and the vagaries of Platonism. In spite of opposition, speculative spirituality and theology, in the 12th century, commanded respect on account of its clearness, its precision, and the services it rendered the Church. Yet, many were the mystics who were never reconciled to the speculative approach. Today, the term 'mystical' is distinguished from 'ascetic.' In the 12th century, for most writers, it was synonymous with 'symbolic' or 'affective.' To the Benedictines, all science was religious, for it enabled them to know God through creation, for the mystics there was no such science as 'profane science.' In the spirituality of the school of St. Victor a symbolic conception of the world was postulated, a conception derived from Platonism.

As partial fulfilment for her Doctorate in Philosophy, Sister M. I. Barry has written her scholarly: "St. Augustine the Orator." It forms the sixth volume of the American Patristic Studies and is printed at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., (8°, 264 pp). Sister M. Inviolata has used as her ground work the Saint's 'Sermones ad Populum,' which were the choicest fruit of the pastoral ministry of the celebrated Bishop of Hippo. In the wealth of modern philology, one viewpoint from which Sister M. Inviolata has approached her subject, she does not mention a collection of sermons which were compiled by the Maurists of the 17th century. Dom Wilmart and others believe that St. Augustine's works are popular with those preparing for the doctorate at the Catholic University, since in the above-mentioned series, Volume III treats of his "Letters" and Volume IV treats of the syntax of the "City of God."

Timely Observations

(Continued from page 101)

recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

Thus is guaranteed to parents that sacred right in the fulfilment of their most important duty. The socialistic idea of state children is officially condemned. The tendency towards the institutional rearing of children is fortunately given an effective check and the way, the only way, successfully to prepare children to be fit men and women of the future is here pointed out,—namely, first, the privacy of the home and the cherishing care of

parents; then, a schooling where, while the mind is developed, the heart is directed to God, and life is mapped out on the paths of conscientious citizenship and religious duty that lead to Him.

Not only Catholics rejoice at this decision, but every far-seeing person who has the ultimate welfare of society at heart. The late Thomas Marshall, a great American and the foremost Hoosier of this generation, said in his last speech: "The Christian Church of this country must again take up the education of the young people of the nation. The public schools of this country are not doing so well by the young folks, as did the schools of ancient Rome—they taught their youth duty to home, country, and their gods. I thank God for every little denominational school and college in this country. They have saved the nation from the madman and the fool and will teach the generations of the present and the future that to enter the kingdom of democracy one must become as a little child and take for his standard the Golden Rule."

No doubt the enemy of all good will stir up other battles against us in the future. Let us be on our guard and especially live our religion in its truest sense so that not true accusation, but only bigotry and falsehood can show itself in the attacks made on us. Let us hope, however, that the victory for our schools will be ever on our side. The words of Dr. James H. Ryan are comforting: "From now on the legal status of private educational endeavor cannot be questioned. This is a tremendous confirmation of our faith in the whole-hearted belief of the American people in the principles of religion and educational freedom."

How sweet it is to believe in this presence of Jesus Christ! How it touches, animates, and restrains us! Hence how suited to our needs, and how worthy of Him Who has so loved us!—Fenelon.

Mother Goose

Revised by Mr. Young New-Father

MYRTLE CONGER

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her;—
Every day, in every way,
That kid gets sweeter and sweeter.

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig;—
Astride my ankle,
He dances a jig.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport;—
I know he'll be talking soon.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean;—
That kid's the cat's hat,
If you get what I mean!



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Do you know just what is the difference between the successful and the unsuccessful person? The difference lies in the will power. One person is a failure, not because he does not succeed in what he undertakes, but because he gives up and ceases trying. If the will to do, to persevere, is master within you, you will succeed. The person who can govern himself can become the master of any situation. General Grant said, "A man can, if he thinks he can." Your will is a king upon a throne. It can make you a power if you bring it under subjection and then you will be a doer of deeds and not merely one of the class who are drifting upon life's ocean without a purpose.

"So near is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low—'You must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

For First Holy Communion

Benziger Brothers have published a little book for children who are about to receive their first Holy Communion. This book should be in the hands of all children. It is called "Our First Communion." It contains 64 pages and has 18 beautiful illustrations in three colors to illustrate the lesson so as to make it appeal to the child mind. An extract from the book is the following:

"The apostles were the first priests. Our Lord gave them the power to do what He had done. He gave them the power to change bread and wine into His body and Blood. The priest is the only one who can change bread and wine into Our Lord's Body and Blood. When the priest puts Holy Communion on our tongues, we know we have Jesus. Holy Communion looks like bread, it tastes like bread. But is not Bread. It is Jesus. We cannot see Jesus because He is hidden there. But we know it is the same good Jesus who loved children long ago. He comes to us in Holy Communion. He comes right into our hearts. And so he wants our hearts to be very good and clean."

Let's Play a Game

Who is there that does like to play? If there be such a one he needs an awakening. An interesting game and one that can be played but once in the same crowd is the "One-Eyed Dressmaker." If the group is large, from five to ten are sent into another room and admitted one at a time and asked if he can thread a needle with one eye closed. The person is seated and given a large needle and some fine thread that will go in very easily. Someone stands behind the one seated and places his hand, which has lamp black upon it, over the closed eye of the one seated. When he has threaded the needle he is praised greatly and is sent into another room to await his friends who are to thread the needle in turn. Each enjoys the joke upon the other, and the audience enjoys it the most of all.

Do You Know

What pie is like a poet? Browning.
Why a teacher is like the letter C? She forms lassies into classes.
Why is your shadow like a false friend? Because it follows you in sunshine but not in shadow.
Why is a man just imprisoned like a boat full of water? Both need bailing out.

You Will Be Happy

If you think more of giving than of getting. If you sympathize with suffering and seek to relieve it. If you seek to give joy. If you recall the hasty word before it passes the lips.

July is the month of the Most Precious Blood. The feast of the Precious Blood falls on the first of July. Other important feasts of the month are the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary on the 2nd, the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel on the 16th, St. Vincent of Paul on the 19th, St. Mary Magdalen on the 22nd, St. Anne on the 26th, and St. Ignatius on the 31st.

Mistakes

He that never makes a mistake is perfect. If you are not yet perfect, possibly you may profit by the following advice, which we take from an exchange:



GREETINGS FROM NEW JERSEY

Learn from your mistakes, but don't cry over them. We best redeem the past by forgetting it.

He who never makes a mistake never makes anything.

The trouble with a man who never makes a mistake is that he doesn't know a mistake when he makes one.

Wise men make mistakes, fools continue to make mistakes.

Remember that, when you're in the right, you can afford to keep your temper, and when you're in the wrong, you can't afford to lose it.

The Drummer Boy of Shiloh

"Sixty-three years ago, almost to this date," says Father M. H. Pathe, a Redemptorist missionary, in the *Liguorian*, for April, 1925, "the forces of Grant and those of Johnson and Beauregard engaged, as you know, in the awful battle of Pittsburg Landing near Shiloh.

"In the Confederate ranks was a little boy named Louis Radfield. With characteristic Southern spirit, while only in his fourteenth year, he had offered his life to the cause. As a drummer boy he beat the 'charge' that inspired the soldiers in many battles, but it was at the battle of Shiloh that he underwent his baptism of fire. And such was his great purpose that, when his drum was lost or crushed in the melee, he searched until he found an abandoned drum of the opposing ranks, and with it resumed his thrilling appeal to the men in the thick of the strife. Then and there he won the title which he bore throughout life, and of which he was justly proud—"The Drummer Boy of Shiloh."

But we said that Father Pathe is a missionary. What has that to do with the story? Well, five years ago he gave a mission at Bayou La Batre, Alabama, a little fishing town not far from the Gulf of Mexico. In the course of an instruction on the doctrine of the Church concerning articles of devotion, he made the following very apt comparison, which it would be well to remember:

"Just as you respect a photograph of your parents in your home, so do you reverence a picture or a statue of God, or His Blessed Mother, or any of the Saints. When you build a statue of George Washington and put it in a prominent place in your park, and plant flower beds around it, and place a wreath beside it, you are not honoring a piece of bronze or marble, but only the memory of a great man who is represented by that statue."

In the audience, listening attentively to this explanation, sat an elderly gentleman, a non-Catholic, whose name was Louis Radfield, the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh." After Benediction had been given, Mr. Radfield called at the rectory to speak to the missionary.

"Father," he said, "it may seem strange to you, but, up till now, I have always thought that your Church's attitude in this matter was very wrong. For I was often told, and really believed, that four people offered a superstitious worship to statues and the like."

Now, after five years, the missionary returned to Bayou La Batre. Not seeing the gray-haired drummer boy of long ago, who sat in the last pew near the door, he asked the pastor what had become of the missing man. The pastor opened up the Church burial register, and turning to July 25, 1921, pointed to the following lines:

"Louis E. Radfield was buried today from this church. Last Christmas Eve, after a course of instructions, I baptized him, and on the following day he devoutly received his first Holy Communion. He died peacefully, fortified by the rites of our Holy Faith." To these words Father Pathe adds: "Thus did the drummer boy of Shiloh fight his last battle, and bravely answer his last roll call."

Our Lady's Flowers

How many of our boys and girls, when they look at the beautiful flowers, think of Him Who gave them to us? Many of the fairest blossoms show by their names that there was an age when the Giver of the flowers was remembered; but that was long before chrysanthemum shows.

The lily in all lands is associated with thoughts of Our Blessed Mother, whether it is the lovely Annunciation Lily, the fleur-de-lis, or the sweet lilies of the valley, which in some lands are thought to be our 'Lady's Tears.' A bunch of wild snowdrops seem prettier for the altar, if they are called "Candlemas bells." Legends tell us that flowers sprang up along the Blessed Virgin's way through life; and is it any wonder?

The hazel tree, it is said, blossomed when Mary went to visit St. Elizabeth; and the daffodils formed a path for Gabriel when he came to the humble house of Nazareth. You all know the orchid which bears the name, "Our Lady's Slipper" and how much more graceful is that name than its other "Moccasin Flower."

The primrose has a significant name among the Germans; they call it "Frauen Schluessel," "Our Lady's Key," because it opens the gate of spring.

In France the spearmint is "Our Lady's Mint"; and the dainty blue speedwell is in England called "Mary's Rest." In Nazareth the little children call bryony, "Our Lady's Vine," and the holly tree is "Mary's Tree."

You are familiar with the delicate maiden-hair ferns, but do you know they are often termed "Our Lady's Tresses?"

Elsewhere the strawberry and the cherry are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. There is a plant known as "Our Lady's Bedstraw," and there is a species of primula which has been styled "Our Lady's Candlestick," while "Our Lady's Nightcap" is a common name for the morning glory.—Ex.

The Perfect Tribute

Note:—The following extract of "The Perfect Tribute," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, arranged by A. V. H., makes a fine patriotic reading that is suitable for any occasion.

On the morning of November 18, 1863, a special train drew out from Washington carrying a distinguished company. In their midst towered a man, sad, preoccupied, unassuming; a man, awkward and ill-dressed, in whose haggard face seemed to be the suffering of the sins of the world. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, journeyed with his party to assist at the dedication the next day of the national cemetery at Gettysburg. There was a speech to be made tomorrow to thousands who would expect their President to say something worth the listening of a people who were making history.

He glanced across the car. There sat Edward Everett the orator of the following day, the finished gentleman, the careful student. The self-made President gazed at him wistfully. From Everett, the people might expect and would get a balanced and polished oration.

The president sighed, and put a hand, big, powerful, labor-knotted into first one sagging pocket and then another in search of a pencil.

Across the car the Secretary of State had just opened a package of books and their wrapping of brown paper lay on the floor.

"Mr. Seward, may I have this to do a little writing?" he asked. The Secretary insisted upon finding better material. But Lincoln had his way and was soon bent over the bit of brown paper absorbed in his task.

On the morning following, a vast silent multitude, billowed like waves of the sea over what had not long before been the battlefield of Gettysburg.

There were wounded soldiers who had beaten their way four months before through a singeing fire across these quiet fields; there were troops, grave and responsible, who must soon go again into battle; there were the rank and file of an everyday American gathering in surging thousands, and above them all on an open-air platform, there were the leaders of the land.

For two hours Everett spoke, and the throng listened untired, fascinated, and as the clear, cultivated voice fell into silence, the mass of people burst into a storm of applause. They cheered him again and again.

A gaunt figure detached itself from the group on the platform and slouched slowly across the open space and stood facing the audience. The words came in a queer squeaking falsetto voice. A suppressed, though unmistakable titter caught the throng. No one who knew the president's face could doubt that he had heard and understood. Yet calmly enough he went on. That these were his people was his only thought. He had something to say to them. "Our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

The president had come into his power and dignity, inspired, glorified by his thought. Every eye was upon him, every ear bent to catch his words: "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. . . . The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus so far nobly advanced. We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

There was no sound from the vast silent assembly, only a long sigh ran like a ripple on an ocean through rank after rank. In Lincoln's heart a throb of pain answered it. His speech had been a failure, and the disappointment of it cut into his soul.

There was no rest for the man at the wheel of the nation next day, until in the afternoon when he went out from the White House alone for a walk. The failure of his speech haunted him. He had gently but decisively put aside all reference to it from those about him.

"It must have been pretty poor stuff," he said half aloud, "yet I meant to do well by them."

He was now in the outskirts of the city, and suddenly from behind a hedge, a boy of about fifteen came rushing toward him, and stumbling against him, said haughtily, "Do you want all of the public highway? Can't a gentleman from the South even walk in the streets without—" the sentence ended in a sob.

"My boy, the fellow who is interfering with your walking is down inside of you," the President said gently. "Now tell me what's wrong."

"I want a lawyer. I don't know where to find one in this horrible city," said the boy.

"What do you want with a lawyer?"

"I want him to draw a will. My brother is—they say he is dying."

"Where is your brother?"

"He's in the hospital there. He's captain in our army—in the Confederate Army. He was wounded at Gettysburg."

"I think I can manage your job, my boy, I used to practice law in a small way myself, and I'll be glad to draw the will for you."

"We can pay you, you know, we're not paupers. My brother is Carter Hampton of Georgia. I'm Warrington Blair Hampton. Carter had a bad turn half an hour ago, and the doctor said he might get better or he might die any minute, and he got so excited they said it was hurting him, and so I said I'd get a lawyer

because he wanted to make a will. He would have been married now if he hadn't been wounded and taken prisoner, and like any gentleman he wants to give the lady who was his promised wife everything he has."

They had reached the hospital and the boy dashing down the corridors did not see the guards salute the tall figure who followed him.

A young man lay propped against the pillows, watching eagerly as they entered.

"Good boy, you got me a lawyer," and the pale features lighted with a smile of radiance. "There's a pen and ink on the table, Mr.—My brother did not tell me your name."

"Your brother and I met informally. My name is Lincoln."

"That's a good name from your standpoint—you are, I take it, a Northerner?"

"I'm on that side of the fence. You may call me a Yankee if you like."

The simple will was quickly drawn, and the impromptu lawyer, rose to take his leave.

"Don't go yet. I've never liked a stranger as much in such short order, before." His weak arm stretched protectively about the young brother who pressed against him. There was so much pathos in the picture that the President's great heart throbbed with a desire to comfort them.

"I want to talk to you about that man Lincoln, your namesake. I am Southern to the core, and I believe with my soul in the cause I've fought for. But that president of yours is a remarkable man. He's inspired by principle, not by animosity in this fight; he's real and he's powerful—and, by Jove, have you read his speech of yesterday in the papers?"

"No, I haven't."

"Sit down. You're not so busy but that you ought to know. By the way this great man isn't any relation of yours, is he, Mr. Lincoln?"

"He's a kind of connection through my grandfather. You may say what you wish."

"Yesterday he made one of the greatest speeches in history. My father was a speaker—all my uncles and my grandfather were speakers."

"I've been brought up on oratory, and I know a great speech when I see it. My sister brought me the paper this morning, and I told her that not six times since history began has a speech been made which has its equal. Senator Warrington told my sister that when the speech was ended yesterday, it seemed as if the whole audience held its breath. There was not a hand lifted to applaud. One might as well applaud the Lord's Prayer. It would have been sacrilege. And they felt it—down to the lowest. That seems to me the most perfect tribute that has ever been paid by any people to any orator. It will live,—that speech. Other men have spoken stirring words for the North and for South, but never before with the love of both breathing through them."

It is only the greatest who can be partisan without bitterness, and only such today may call himself not Northern or Southern, but American. They are beautiful words, and the sting of war would be drawn, if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies.

"I'd like to put my hand in his before I die, and I'd like to tell him that I know that what we are all fighting for, the best of us, is the right of our country as it is given us to see it."

"When a man gets so close to death's door that he feels the wind through it from a larger atmosphere, then the small things are blown away. The bitterness of the fight has faded from me. I only feel the love of country, the satisfaction of giving my life for it. That speech has made it look higher and simpler."

The clear deep voice with its catch of weakness stopped short. Convulsively the hand shot out and

grasped at the great hand that was near him, pulling the President with the strength of agony, to his knees by the cot.

The soldier was writhing in an attack of mortal pain, while he held, unknowing that he held it, the hand of his new friend in a torturing grip.

The door of death had opened wide, and a stormy wind was carrying the bright conquered spirit into that larger atmosphere of which he had spoken.

Suddenly the struggle ceased. The unconscious head rested in his brother's arms, and the hand of the Southern soldier lay quiet, where he had wished to place it—in the hand of Abraham Lincoln.

Letter Box

(All letters that are intended for the "Letter Box" should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

In the May number we suggested that someone send THE GRAIL to Anton Kuboni, Mariathal Mission, P. O. Ikopo, South Africa. Acting on this suggestion, "The Children's Guardian Angel Society," of St. Joseph's Church, Owensboro, Kentucky, who each contribute a penny a month, to have a Mass said for themselves, immediately sent us a check to pay for this subscription. We are sure that Mr. Kuboni, who is preparing himself for the holy priesthood to work among his own people, will feel happy to know that there are some in far-off North America who think of him.

Agnes Latchey, who gets her mail at Box 156, Bulpit, Illinois, writes that she lives at a little mining camp. Two sisters teach in the parochial school. Agnes is in the seventh grade. Sister Zita is her teacher's name. She has a brother and two sisters.

Audrey M. Thiery, of 2600 Amelia Street, New Orleans, La., asks admission to the "Corner," which, of course, is readily granted. She is eleven years old and is in Sixth B Grade. She would like to hear from other Cornerites. Who will write her?

We are happy to note that even some grown-up "little" girls take an interest in the "Corner." One such, who hails from 8712 Jamaica Ave., Woodhaven, L. I., whose name is F. Boggs, likewise asks admission to the "Corner." She says that she is "a young lady going to business school, over twenty-one"—but how much over is not stated. Furthermore, she "would be pleased to hear from other young ladies of the same age or older." There is room in the "Corner" for all the big boys and girls who are still "little" and childlike in spirit.—Miss Boggs promises to write a descriptive letter in a short time, telling all she knows about Woodhaven.

Dorothy Gibson, who is eleven years old, and in the Sixth Grade, writes from her home at 617 Madison Street, Oak Park, Ill., that she has four sisters and two brothers. She is a subscriber to "The Grail" and would like to become a Cornerite. She also likes to receive letters, but gets none. Maybe some of the other Cornerites will see that she gets a few.

Anna Yasem, of 506 Jones Street, Verona, Pa., has no special message for the "Corner," but she contributes the following "Smiles":

Ben Zeen: "I know a good joke about crude oil."

Carry Seen: "Spring it."

Ben Zeen: "It's not refined."

Johnny: "Mother, how old is that lamp?"

Mother: "About three years."

Johnny: "Turn it down then, it's too young to smoke."

Willie: "Father! Father! The pup is chewing up the roll of films I got for my camera and won't let go."

Father: "Go and get some of that tooth paste that removes film from the teeth."

Citizen to Officer: "That's my car, Officer. A thief is just fixing a blow out."

Officer: "All right, I'll go over and arrest him."

Citizen: "Sh—h—h! Wait till he gets the tire pumped up."

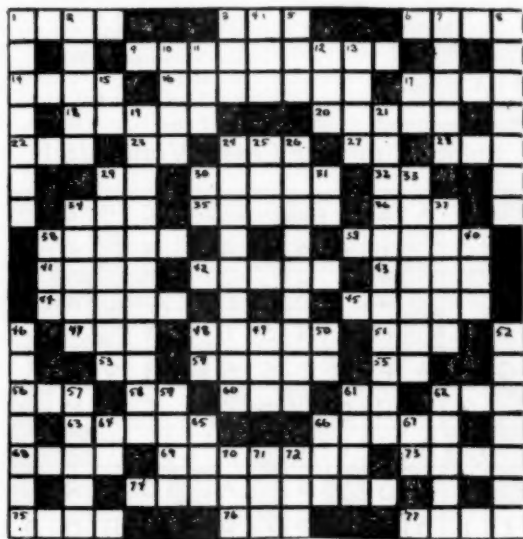
A Cross-Word Puzzler

Judge: "Why did you throw the dictionary at your husband?"

Woman: "Oh, well, I was trying to work a cross-word puzzle, and asked him several times to tell me a word of five letters meaning 'domestic happiness,' and he wouldn't do it."—Exchange.

Cross-Word Puzzle

The following cross-word puzzle was contributed by George H. Becht, 241 Ellery Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Horizontal

- 1—Equal
- 3—Eastern American League
- 6—Flows back
- 9—Burdens heavily
- 14—To foreshow
- 16—Obliteration
- 17—Wild hog
- 18—High in spirits
- 20—Black wood
- 22—Atmosphere
- 23—Proceed
- 24—Dike
- 27—Famous late President (abbr.)
- 28—Surge
- 29—National Guard
- 30—Criminal
- 32—Negative
- 34—Body of lawyers
- 35—Presages

Vertical

- 1—Hug
- 2—A northern sea duck
- 3—Epoch
- 4—Belonging to Al
- 5—Boy's nickname
- 7—Floats
- 8—Satirical remark
- 10—Prohibit
- 11—Rather than
- 12—Part of verb to be
- 13—Obligation
- 15—Definite article masc. (Spanish)
- 17—British navy
- 19—Act of accumulating
- 21—Study of the bird
- 24—Government by the people
- 25—A malt liquor
- 26—A race of men
- 29—Natural affections

- 36—Incorporated (abbr.)
 28—Measured
 39—Perfumed oil
 41—A stopple
 42—Performer
 43—Rabbit
 44—Unit used in weighing gems
 45—Annoyed
 47—Nevertheless
 48—A dead language
 51—A cover
 53—Diatonic note
 54—Body of water
 55—Double 0
 56—Young dog
 58—Exclamation
 60—Japanese coin
 61—An army officer (abbr.)
 62—Abyss
 63—Cancel
 66—County in N. Y. S.
 68—Run swiftly
 69—Squashy vegetables (pl. with 's)
 73—A present
 74—Calculated
 75—A girdle
 76—A cur
 77—A continent
 30—Federal officer (abbr.)
 31—Opposite points on compass
 33—One of the Great Lakes
 34—To tie by winding
 37—Heeded
 38—Mounted Police of Canada (abbr.)
 40—A color
 46—Kingdoms
 48—Observe
 49—Golf term
 50—New Netherlands (abbr.)
 52—Aerial
 57—Walks
 59—Small houses
 61—Foundation
 62—Policemen of India
 64—Point on compass
 65—Portion of land
 66—To be aware
 67—Note well (abbr.)
 70—Between
 71—I love (Latin)
 72—Label

Solution to June Cross-Word Puzzle

	M	A	S	K			A	C	R	E	
G	O		L	I	A		A	L	B		H
R						T	R	A	P	S	
O	W		P	E	N	S	I	O	N		H
G	I	B	E		E	S		A	V	E	R
	G	O	R	E		T		A	T	O	M
		A	S	I	A		S	L	I	T	
	F	R	O	P		A		O	E	R	
K	I	D	N	A	P		P	E	N	R	O
N	E		S	T	E	P	P	E	S		T
O				T	A	P	E	R			O
W	E		M	A	L		R	I	P		I
	D	O	O	R			E	P	I	C	

An Alphabetical Rhyme

As A was sitting fast Asleep,
 "It's time for Bed," said Be;
 C Crept into his little Cot,
 To Dreamland off went D.
 E closed its Eyes, F Fretful grew;
 "Good night," G softly said:
 H hurried up the wooden Hill,
 To put Itself to bed.
 J Jumped for Joy when bedtime came,
 K Kissed good night all 'round;
 L asked for Light, M found the Match,
 The land of Nod N found.

O Owned that it was Overtired,
 To Pillowland P Pressed;
 Q Queried why it was so Quiet
 When R Retired to Rest.
 S went in Search of Slumberland,
 Too Tired was T to stay;
 U went Upstairs, V Vanished too,
 And W led the Way.
 When X 'Xclaimed, "How Y does Yawn,"
 With Zest responded Z:
 "I'm last of all to go to bed,
 But here's a nap for me!" —Exchange.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

The C. S. M. C. in the Vatican Mission Exposition

We have been hearing a great deal about the Vatican Mission Exposition. We have read of its different pavilions and of the various booths which these comprise. We may have noticed, in passing, that one booth in the North American pavilion represents the organization of Catholic American Students known as the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. But did we stop to consider the significance of this fact? This student organization has been given a place in a world-wide exposition; its activity as a mission body is recognized and appreciated; its name and its work stand side by side with those of other Catholic mission organizations the world over. May we not feel a just pride in that fact?

Incidentally, the Holy Father seems very well pleased with the C. S. M. C. booth. The Americans, he realizes, have had to bear the brunt of foreign mission activity since the Great War, and hence such manifestations of increasing missionary zeal among the younger generations are a source of consolation.

Some of our American Catholics who are visiting Rome this year will perhaps not even know of the existence of this organization until they see its booth in the Vatican Exposition. Certain it is that there are not a few Catholic students in Catholic schools and colleges in this country today who do not know what the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is. If they think it not worth their attention, then they differ in opinion considerably from the Holy Father and the members of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, who thought it worthy of representation as a factor of the world-wide missionary activity of the Church. Within a very few years it has risen to a position of power and influence. May it ever increase thus and when another Jubilee Year is at hand—who can estimate now what the C. S. M. C. will be? *Vivat, crescat, floreat.* God wills it!

Abbey and Seminary

—The Seminary celebrated May Day in "paradise" on May 6th. The College enjoyed a holiday at the same time. The day was clear and just cool enough for outdoor sports.

—Rev. Carl J. Hollie, College '05-'07, now of Oshkosh, Nebraska, was a welcome visitor in early May.

—The class of '09 celebrated its sixteenth anniversary with Rev. Theodore Vollmer at St. Philip's, Indiana, on May 13th. Father Augustine Haberkorn, O. S. B.,

celebrated the Solemn High Mass, Rev. Michael J. Downey preached, and Rev. Albert Busald gave Benediction after Mass. The parish served an excellent dinner after which the class held a short business meeting. Rev. A. P. Sullivan invited the class to Chicago for its next annual reunion, which is scheduled to take place at the time of the International Eucharistic Congress.

—The Indiana Staatsverband met in annual convention at our neighboring town of Ferdinand on May 17, 18, and 19. Father Thomas and his choir entertained on the evening of the 18th—and won fresh laurels. On the following day many of the delegates visited the Abbey. Among these latter was Rev. Albert Mayer, class of '02, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Carondelet Station, St. Louis.

—May 18, 19, and 20 were Rogation days. On the first of these days we went as usual in procession to Monte Cassino; the next day found us in the old parish church for the Rogation Mass, and on the third day after the procession around the crown of the hill we attended Mass in the Abbey Church.

—The improved roads and pleasant weather coax out many visitors who make St. Meinrad their objective. They come not only in Fords and high-powered cars but also by the bus load. Whole delegations come especially on Saturdays from the city schools. Public school teachers also come in groups, possibly to test the accuracy of what they have read in history about monks and monasteries, or to discover how much truth there may be in the utterances of foul-mouthed anti-Catholic lecturers. The confessionals, which are examined inside and out, prove objects of interest.

—On the eve of the Ascension four Brothers of the Sacred Heart, who teach at Gibault High School, Vincennes, together with Rev. Henry Doll, and the baseball team of the high school, came by automobile to spend the holy day with us. At the Solemn High Mass fourteen boys and twelve girls of the local parish made their Solemn Communion. The Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, and Sanctus of the Mass were sung by the well-trained St. Gregory Chancel Choir under the direction of Father Thomas. After dinner a game of baseball was played between the College and the visitors. The score was 6—3 in favor of the latter.

—A small circus pitched its tents on the baseball campus on May 21st. We have heard that no performance was given.

—In preparation for the reception of holy orders the *ordinandi* went into retreat on the evening of the Ascension. Father Othmar, for many years professor in College and Seminary, but now chaplain of the Poor Clares at Evansville, conducted the exercises.

—Word has been received from the State Highway Commission that the grading on State Highway 16, which passes through St. Meinrad, will be completed to Lincoln City this fall. That will give us a direct outlet to Evansville without detouring via Dale as at present. To the east bridges are under construction and hard-surfacing is going on. All good things come to them that wait.

—The weather man had a "sure-enough" surprise in store for us towards the end of May. On the 23rd the thermometer registered 93 and in less than 48 hours with an icy wind from the North the mercury had fallen to 33—a drop of 60 degrees. No damage was done in our section, but heavy frosts laid many gardens waste to the north of us.

—It matters not what the temperature is, the spirit of youth is not easily frozen out. On May 26th the Collegians held their annual outing in the woods. There was plenty of—sunshine, and the "eats"—"Oh boy! They sure hit the spot!" It was an ideal day for sports and for romping about.

—The crowning event of each scholastic year is the day of the ordinations, for another class has gained the goal towards which it has striven many a long and tedious year. This is a day of rejoicing not only for the outgoing class, but also for the Seminary and especially for the happy parents whose boy is a priest at last. At the invitation of the Archbishop-elect of Cincinnati, Most Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis since 1918, the Rt. Rev. Alphonse Smith, D. D., Bishop of Nashville, came on May 27th to confer the tonsure, minor orders, and subdiaconate. There were fourteen candidates for the Tonsure and the minor orders of Ostiary and Lector, seventeen for those of Exorcist and Acolyte, and sixteen for the Subdiaconate.

At Pontifical High Mass on June 2nd Archbishop-elect Chartrand promoted to the Diaconate for the diocese of Indianapolis Messrs. Joseph Schaefer, Sylvester Bloemke, James McBarron, Amos McLoughlin, Walter Nugent, Ralph Doyle, and the two Benedictine clerics Fr. John Thuis, O. S. B., and Fr. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B., for St. Meinrad Abbey. In the same Mass the Priesthood was conferred on Messrs. Joseph Tieman, Aloysius Laugel, William Knapp, William Lensing, Andrew O'Keefe, Francis Ankenbrock, and Richard Betz, for Indianapolis; Fr. Gregory Kunkel, O. S. B., for St. Meinrad Abbey; Daniel Murphy, for Kansas City; Bernard Corbin, for Corpus Christi.

Mr. John Glenn received the Subdiaconate at Louisville on June 6th from his own Ordinary, the Rt. Rev. J. A. Floerssh. On the same occasion Messrs. Leo Jenne, William Jarboe, and Carlos Poole, received Tonsure and the minor orders of Ostiary and Lector.

Present at the ordinations this year were approximately eighty secular priests besides a great concourse of people, relatives and friends of the *ordinandi*. Most of the visitors had taken advantage of the improved roads and came by automobile. From Indianapolis came a large yellow bus that greatly resembled a street car.

In the past the coming of the Bishop for the ordinations was always looked forward to with joyful expectation. This year, however, our joy was tempered with grief at the thought that this was probably the last time that Bishop Chartrand would come to St. Meinrad as ordinary of the diocese to conduct the ordinations. While we rejoice that Rome has promoted our illustrious alumnus to the Archiepiscopal See of Cincinnati, we keenly feel our loss.

—Rev. Raymond Donovan, who was ordained at Belleville, Rev. Francis Laemmle at Louisville, and Fathers Mielich and Jobst, who were ordained at Cincinnati, Rev. Raymond B. Walsh, S. J., at St. Louis University, each spent some years in our Seminary.

—On the afternoon on June 4th Father Thomas led his junior choristers out into the woods for a competition—with the feathered songsters. Ice cream, lemonade, and other good things helped them to forget the many hours of tedious rehearsals they had spent during the past term.

—June 1st was a happy day in the Benedictine convent at Ferdinand, for a number of young women exchanged the dress of the world for the habit of St. Benedict. Father Abbot conducted the impressive ceremonies and preached the festal sermon.

—Rev. John A. Bohlson, pastor at St. Matthews, Kentucky, an alumnus of our College, died suddenly on May 28th.

—It is not only whispered about, but it is also posted in public places that on the night of June 18th, the day that the summer vacation opens, Father Thomas will appear with his choir before an audience in the auditorium in the new million-dollar Catholic High School at Evansville to give a concert. There are fifty members in this male choir. According to the advertisement admission to the concert will be fifty cents, or, as some wag scrawled on one of the posters, a cent a voice.—This reminds us that appearances sometimes deceive. Several of the visitors at the ordinations remarked that they did not know that women were allowed to sing in our choir. They had seen no women in the choir, mind you, but they seem to have been unable to distinguish between the unbroken voices of boys and the voices of women.

—The unusual heat of spring brought us an early harvest. Harvesters began operations in the wheat fields on the ninth of June.

—Thursday, June 11th, was a beautiful day for Corpus Christi. After Solemn High Mass at 8:30 a long procession, escorting the Blessed Sacrament, formed at the church and wended its way around the crown of the hill. Benediction was given after the return to the church.

—Mr. Benedict Elder, editor of *The Record*, and Mr. David Maloney, both of Louisville, Ky., together with a son each, Benedict Jr. and James Maloney, were among our visitors early in June. Mr. Elder, who is well known as an orator, delivered before the seminarians a splendid oration on the Papacy.

—Final examinations closed on June 17th. At 7:30 on the following morning there was an exodus of students, who departed for the summer vacation. Many went by auto bus, others returned home with relatives or friends, who had come in automobiles, while the majority "entrained."

—As many of the secular clergy have gone to Rome, whither the whole world is turning this year, and others are taking vacations elsewhere, there are numerous vacancies to be filled by college and seminary professors.

From St. Meinrad the following professors have gone forth for a change of work: Father Dominic to St. Agnes Church, St. Louis; F. Albert to Sacred Heart Academy, Louisville; F. Richard to St. Benedict's Church, Louisville; F. Eberhard to St. Leonard's Church, West Terre Haute; F. Paul to St. James, Ind.; F. Boniface to Mattese, near Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; F. Anselm to St. Mary's Church, Madison, Ind.; F. Ignatius to St. Bridget's Church, Indianapolis; F. Cyril to Herrin, Ill.; F. Thomas to Sacred Heart Church, Terre Haute; F. Meinrad to Reed, Ky. Fathers Hilary, Stephen, and Peter, also Aemilian, Norbert, Ildephonse, Maurus, and Matthew are attending summer school at Notre Dame University.

Book Notices

In Rev. F. X. Lasance's latest prayer book, "Let us pray," bulk and price are reduced to a minimum, quality of selection to a maximum. The book measures 4½ x 2½ inches; thickness, 3/16 inch. There are one hundred and forty four pages of prayers so important and beautiful that you must admire Father Lasance's ability for selecting. The six pages of pious reflections—one for each day of the month—is a collection of spiritual gems whereby we may sanctify our days.—Imitation leather. Retail 25 cents. Net to priests and religious, 20 cents. Other bindings up to \$1.25, retail. Published by Benziger Brothers. I. E.

A second series of "Sodality Conferences," from the pen of the Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., has been published by Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago). We are of opinion that this second volume will be heartily welcomed especially by directors of Sodalities and that it will also provide instructive reading matter for sodalists. 340 pages; cloth; net \$2.75; postage 15¢ extra.

"The Villa by the Sea" is the latest production of the prolific and well-known Catholic author, Isabel C. Clarke. The plot is unusual and will hold one's interest to the very end. English-speaking Catholics welcome every new work of this gifted writer, for she is a true Catholic who, without obtruding religion into her works, yet brings it about that her readers unconsciously receive many a golden lesson in appreciation of their faith and of all that it implies. Benziger Brothers. Net \$2.00. H. D.

Many delightful hours await readers of Clarence Budington Kelland's "Miracle." The plot is laid about Quebec, St. Anne de Beaupre, and in the wilds of Canada. The author displays power in the handling of an extremely original character and an exciting plot. The climax is as fine as anything one can find in modern fiction. The simple faith and piety of the Canadian Catholic is portrayed remarkably by one who himself is not a Catholic. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$2.00 Net. H. D.

"Our First Communion," by Reverend William R. Kelly is a booklet prepared for the little ones' very first Communion. It is based on the essential requirements of Canon Law in this regard. Without doubt pastors and teachers will rejoice at sight of this very practical work, for with its extremely simple sentences and numerous and beautiful illustrations, it gives us all that we desire as a means in instructing very young children for this holy act. Benziger Brothers. Net \$0.25. H. D.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

His Daughter's Keeper

JOHN Berry walked slowly up and down the marble-flagged terrace before his costly fifteenth century, Spanish style, home, with its stately balustrade, marble vases, and evergreen shrubs, with head down, frowning brows, and an open letter in his hand. It was disturbing news; Letitia, his daughter, who had been away at school all her life, having taken all the courses and postgraduate courses that were to be had, was now to come home. In the ordinary course of things this should have been a delightful event, but to John Berry it was just the opposite. His was a warped, cross-grained mind, caused by an event which occurred many years back, and aggravated by years of lonely brooding.

Twenty years ago he had married pretty Eva Loring, for whose sake he had embraced the Catholic faith. Before that he had been a man of no religion whatever, but he would have done anything under the sun for Eva; so, though it had cost him an effort, he bent his mind and faculties to the study of her faith, and became, to all appearances, a devoted churchgoer. This went on for two years, when an event occurred which completely upset his world and tore his heart and affections asunder.

Little Letitia arrived, but her mother's soul passed on to eternity, and the bereaved husband gave way to the most violent grief in consequence. Instead of being resigned and obedient under the Almighty's chastening hand, he turned his back upon God completely, blaming the Creator for what he termed a cruel act. He became an atheist of the first water, saying that if there was a God, He would never have allowed such a terrible thing to occur. In the same way his perverted mind turned against the innocent cause of all his grief, the baby Letitia, whom he sent away with a nurse to a farm, because he could not bear the sight of her.

Being a rich man, however, the infant wanted for nothing. When she was old enough, he respected his wife's dying wishes in so far as to send the child to a convent to be educated. She was never allowed to come home for vacations, but in later years she was permitted to travel with an aunt, and after her graduation from the convent, she went abroad for three years to study music. At last, her education being complete, the girl evinced a lively interest in her father, whom she had practically never seen, being sent away when but several days old.

He had put her off so long that now, at last, he felt he could no longer refuse the author of the pleading letter her affectionate request, though his heart, narrowed and frozen through so many years' wilful repression of all that was expressive of kindness and affection, felt no answering thrill at the prospect. He would have liked it better had it been possible for her still to remain away; but there was no further excuse. Unless he wished the whole world to know him for an unnatural father, he must allow her at last to come and dwell with him here—here, where every nook and cranny was sacred to his wife's memory—where he had chosen to live alone and friendless, harshly repulsing all sympathy, lest the foot of some outsider desecrate the haunts of the ghosts of memory.

"Henry!" he called curtly to a passing servant. "Bring me some telegram blanks." Mr. Berry seated himself at a small wicker table, where he habitually took tea in the shady afternoons, and awaited the slips, which were soon brought. Taking out his fountain pen, he indited a short message to his daughter: "Come whenever you wish." Having written this, he handed it to the serving man, and then followed him into the house.

"Send Mrs. McCarthy in to me," he commanded, going to the library, where he awaited his housekeeper. Presently she entered.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes; my daughter will be here in a few days. I wish you to prepare two rooms for her; a sitting room and bed room. Have everything fixed up dainty and fresh—you know, as a young girl would like it. I rely on your taste; I suppose you understand what is becoming and appropriate. Spare no expense."

"Yes, sir; I understand. I will do my best." She left the room, and once more he was alone with his thoughts. He wondered what she looked like—whether she resembled him or his wife. Again he arose and resumed his pacing. He was not happy about it in the least; for so many years had he dwelt alone, with only servants about to attend to his wants, that he disliked exceedingly the thought of another person breaking in upon his solitary life. He had even begun to like his narrow, selfish mode of living, undisturbed by friend or foe, free to follow the dictates of his soured mind from morning till night. The servants were well trained and long in his service; they worked like well-oiled cogs in

a perfectly balanced machine, and counted not at all so far as companionship was concerned.

A few days later a telegram arrived, announcing that Letitia would arrive that afternoon, and in due time she and her aunt made their appearance. Mr. Berry was in his study at the time, unable to decide whether to meet her at the door, or wait until later on, after the travellers had been to their rooms and rested a bit. Not because he feared his daughter would be fatigued, but because he could not bring himself to face one whom he had abhorred in thought for so many years. But the decision was made for him; as he sat in a brown study, listening to the sounds of their arrival, the door was suddenly opened, and a soft voice said, "Daddy!"

He turned, half arose, gasped out, "Eva!" and sank back again. The girl resembled her mother so closely, that he had been startled out of himself. There she stood, dressed in a soft pink frock, with a trig little turban on her head, silk sweater and hand bag on her arm; a great light of expectation was in her large brown eyes, and she was all a-flutter with excitement.

In spite of himself, he could not keep his eyes off her lovely young face, yet he could not bring himself to make any gesture of welcome. But the next moment she had flown, like a bird, toward him, sat on the arm of his chair and embraced and kissed him.

"Daddy, aren't you glad to see me?" she said wistfully, half sensing his secret antagonism.

"Very glad indeed, little girl; my, but you have grown, haven't you? So you are all through with your school?" She nodded brightly.

"All finished, dear; won't it be wonderful to be together now after so many years' absence? I didn't sleep a wink all last night for thinking of it. I am so happy, I think my heart will burst!" Shamed by her enthusiasm, he looked up, strangely touched, and caressed her hands between his own. But it was only for a moment; it seemed too strange to break all of a sudden through the callous shell with which he had surrounded himself for so long, and his predominant thought was to escape from it.

"But you must be very tired after your journey; I must not keep you. Mrs. McCarthy will show you your rooms. I hope you will like them. I had them done over for you."

"Oh thank you, Daddy! I am sure I will love them!" So saying, she kissed him again and ran out like a deer. But he was not through yet. As he made his way along the hall, on his way out to hide himself somewhere in the tall shrubbery of his garden, he came upon Letitia's aunt, his sister.

"Well, John, what do you think of her?" she ventured.

"Hmph!" he grunted. "Well enough. Quite all right. Only hope she won't be dragging a lot of young folks here to disturb the peace."

"Well, now, John, I hope you won't expect her to live like a hermit—like you've been doing? You must make allowance for youth."

"Hmph!" he nodded crustily. "Youth! Youth is

full of foolishness; I shall teach her to live a staid and useful life. And if she knows what's good for her, she'll not entangle herself with anyone and make her life a target for grief like mine has been." His sister shook her head.

"John, you have the wrong idea of it. No one is expected to bury himself with the dead. When God takes one of us, He does not mean that the rest of us should languish in despair and sadness for the rest of our days. He wishes us to bow lovingly to His will and go on being happy."

"Pah!" he cried, his face taking on sneering lines. "That is a namby-pamby doctrine! Only fools could get comfort any out of that! I mean to protect her from any such contingency; then we won't need God or anyone else to take things or leave them!" Miss Berry shuddered at the blasphemy.

"Be careful, John. The God you sneer at may assert His authority some day; you may learn all too late that He really exists—or, in His infinite mercy, He might teach you what love and resignation means."

"Bah! You always were a preachin' fool! You heard what I said, so don't go turnin' the girl's head against me. She's mine and I'm going to protect her from future grief. Go on upstairs!" Miss Berry sighed and began to ascend the stairs in obedience to her imperious brother's wishes, for she knew him too well to keep up an argument after he had grown bitter—which he usually did after a few words.

The days passed—beautiful Spring merging into blushing Summer, and with her newly-acquired parent and beautiful home, Letitia seemed to grow daily more radiant and lovely. A number of times, the crabbed old father caught himself secretly watching her out of the corner of his eye, as he paced up and down the terrace according to his custom, while she serenely worked on a bit of embroidery or perused a book or magazine. By and by she had worked herself into his crusty old heart and he found himself taking pride in her beauty, her accomplishments, which were many, and her grace of carriage and stature. But as his hungry heart closed itself about its new treasure, the callous walls of old closed too and held captive both heart and treasure in a prison of selfishness.

Came the day when young, handsome George Ranley came over with the deed to some farm lands old John Berry had just acquired; also the plans for some out-buildings and barns Berry had wished the real estate company to bid on. They talked for three hours of a hot July afternoon, while Letitia sat by demurely knitting a garment of some kind in bright-colored wool. There were many more visits back and forth before the business was completed, and then Ranley was sent along as superintendent when the buildings were to be erected. And so the friendship started.

Old John had not noticed anything at first. He had forbidden his daughter to have any young people about, as they disturbed him, he said. She did not mind much, since she knew scarcely anyone thereabouts, and for awhile the charm of the old place and her father's

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companionship were quite sufficient for her happiness. But, as is the way in God's wise Providence, youth attracted youth, and Letitia found many moments in which she might exchange a pleasant word or two with the upstanding, straightforward Ranley, and it was not long before the friendship, almost unconsciously, developed into something more.

They had met at church quite often, as often as young Ranley could arrange his affairs, so as to be able to run thirty miles out of town to Mass. That was not always easy, as his employers, finding him a most dependable person, often sent him out of town on business. John had not forbidden his daughter to keep up her religious duties, as he felt that his dead wife would have wished it, and her wish was law to him.

Then, one day, they discovered their souls' complement in each others' eyes, and Letitia's light-hearted happiness was doomed. It is true, while her heart throbbed with joy over this new-found gift of God, she yet felt vaguely uneasy and apprehensive, although her father had so far shown nothing but courtesy and the utmost civility toward young Ranley. Just that, but no more; he was never known to unbend or grow effusive toward anyone. Most of the time he was curt in his speech, but Ranley had discovered and nursed the old man's pet hobby of prize kennels and fine horse breeding, and he, if anyone, ought to possess the magic with which to pierce the old fellow's shell.

So, having discussed the matter several times, they finally decided that Ranley should run over on a Sunday afternoon, speak to her father, and then celebrate with a ride through the countryside together. The two—Letitia and her father—were seated out on the terrace, as was their wont of an afternoon. Mr. Berry had a sheaf of Sunday papers and his cigar, while Letty, as he had begun to call her, tried in vain to concentrate upon a book. It was useless for her to try to keep her eyes off the white road which wound through the fields in the distance, curving in and out, and up and down hill like a great snake. Soon, however, her vigilance was rewarded by the sight of a shiny new coupe, disappearing one instant, reappearing the next, coming down the road at a great rate.

Old John was too absorbed at first to notice, but soon the hum of the motor reached his ears, and, following Letty's eyes, he descried the car.

"Wonder who that is; few people frequent this road, except those who seek me on business," he declared. "Oh, it's Ranley; what in thunder does he want now? I thought I paid him all I owed last week and was through with him." Letitia said nothing; but her heart was pounding so loud, she thought her father must hear it. Soon he stopped, and taking off his hat, leaped out.

"Wonderful afternoon, isn't it?"

"Surely is," replied Letitia. "Yup," curtly answered Mr. Berry.

"I've called this afternoon," continued Ranley, after rather an awkward pause, which Berry was never the man to fill in, "I've called on a matter of private busi-

ness." He looked at Letty, who immediately arose and went into the house.

"Ah—hrrmp!" said Mr. Berry, ominously clearing his throat.

"It is about Miss Letty," continued George, seating himself. "I—"

"You—" prompted Mr. Berry.

"We—have decided that we love each other, and therefore I wish to ask your sanction—" Mr. Berry's hand went up.

"Enough! Say no more! No use asking my sanction, for you won't get it! I've decided that my daughter will never marry, since marriage lays one open to too many chances of grief, and I stand ready to shield her from all grief and care."

"But, my dear sir, she cares for me very much, unworthy though I am. By refusing your sanction, you are not shielding her from grief, but driving her into it!"

"You dare to say such a thing to me! But you are young and foolish, so I excuse you. Sufficient to say that my life was ruined by a single grief. My daughter shall forever be protected from that." Ranley was torn with disappointment.

"But sir! I would take such care of her! I would let no grief come to her; all my life would be devoted to making her happy. My prospects in business are good, as you know; they will be better with each coming year. I mean to make a great success—for her sake." John Berry leaned forward until his face was very close to George's.

"All very good; but—can you forestall Death?"

"Of course not; who can? How foolish to think of death! Then we must all stop; the world must cease turning—for fear of Death!"

But John Berry was obdurate. Stubbornly he shook his head.

"I tell you no; and that decision is unchangeable. She shall enter into no entanglements—then neither death, nor any other sorrow can reach her."

"No? What if you died, sir? Who shall comfort her then?" But John Berry's face became livid with rage.

"Youngster," he sneered, with protruding jaw, "don't argue with me! Go, before I do something you'll be sorry for. And let it be final! Don't try to meet her in secret either. I'll see that you don't." Poor Ranley could do nothing but rise, enter his machine, and drive away. And poor Letty—she was forbidden thereafter to leave the grounds. She was not even permitted to go to church on Sundays, while John—watched her jealously, guarded her every step, haunted her about the house and in the garden, like her very own shadow. So obsessed had he become with the idea of protecting her from harm and grief, that he had instituted himself as a sort of keeper, never leaving her out of his sight, even prowling about the house at night to see that all was well; glancing every now and then into her room to see if she still slept peacefully.

And Letty? Was her father's jealous watchfulness keeping off the hated thief—Sorrow and Grief? She was losing her roses, her cheeks were becoming wan

and pale; she pined after her religion, and—after him who was forbidden to her. And old John noted her listlessness, and became more jealous than ever. Why could she not be happy with him, and him alone? Why must she seek outside for her happiness? She shall—she *must* be happy! He loaded her with gifts—bought her jewels, a new car, all her own, planned new surprises, new gowns, undreamed luxuries; her rooms were filled with exotic flowers and richly ornamented boxes of expensive confections—but alas! Was Grief kept away? She tried to be grateful; tried to please him; to be satisfied; was touched by his generosity; never murmured; tried by main force to respond to his demands—but all in vain. In moments of solitude, unbidden tears would come, and when John discovered them, he was furious.

Then, true to his sister's prediction, Almighty God thought it was time to take a hand. "Man cannot live unto himself alone." One night, having slept more soundly than usual, old John suddenly awoke to find a bright glare coming in through the transom over his door; there was a loud crackling sound and the acrid odor of smoke pervaded the air. Like a wild man he leaped up, and his first thought was for Letty. Throwing on his dressing gown, he threw open his door—only to be hurled back into the room by a very furnace blast of flame. It was impossible to emerge into the hall, and—Letty's room lay on the opposite side, a few steps away.

"Fire! Fire!" he yelled at the top of his voice, in order to rouse the inmates of the house, and then was driven, choking, to his window, which he was obliged to throw up to admit the air. Fortunately there was a small balcony opening from this window, and a trellis, covered with stout ramblers as thick as his wrist in places, wound in and out the fancifully-shaped wood. Without delay he climbed down to find that most of the servants were making their way out in safety. Miss Berry, in an old coat she had hastily donned, came screaming out of one of the doors.

"My God! Somebody save Letty! She'll die in there!" The farmers from far and near were gathering about now, but nothing could be done; fire buckets were worse than useless, and nothing less than ten or twenty city fire companies with pumps and all modern apparatus were needed to put down that blaze. The chug of a motor was heard. It stopped and somebody leaped out; like a shadow, a figure was seen to dash into the building. Everybody held their breaths; old John had wanted to go in, but twenty hands held him back. He felt sick and faint at the thought of Letty lying alone up there, perhaps unaware of the danger she was in.

Presently, however, a cheer went up; the figure came rushing out with a white form drooping in its arms. They let the house burn to the ground; there was nothing else to be done.

In the grey hours of the morning four people watched in the bedroom of the gardener's cottage on John Berry's grounds. One was John Berry himself, one was the doctor, the third was George Ranley, the fourth was

Letitia's aunt. Letitia herself lay white and unconscious, her foot having been caught under a falling wall while attempting to escape. She lay pinned there, expecting to die, when Ranley found her.

"How in the world did you happen to be on the scene?" asked her father in a hoarse whisper.

"You will forgive me when I tell you that often I haunted the place, nights, simply because I could not stay away." John Berry bowed his head; all anger and jealousy and opposition had been crushed out of him. His sister had reproached him:

"What did I tell you, John Berry?" she said, meaningly. "Didn't I tell you God would some day take matters in His own hands and show you His authority? Do you still think yourself competent to shield Letty from *all* possible harm in life? Do you still think yourself greater than God, Who has a right to order our lives, since we are His creatures? Beware of rebelling against His will or trying to block His designs!" The words reverberated through his head constantly, endlessly, like breakers on a rocky shore.

Three hours later, as the brilliant morning sunshine streamed in the East window, Letty opened her eyes, and smiled wanly upon the assembled group. John arose and took her hand.

"Letty, I know how to take a beating when I deserve it. I won't try to buck against God any more. I only pray that He may preserve to you the use of your foot. Come here George!" And he joined their two hands, and walked out, no longer an atheist.

Practical Sainthood

"To be or not to be (a saint)—that is the question." Most of us look upon sainthood as a thing unattainable for the average everyday person, but when we study the lives of the various blessed, we find that being a saint is mostly a state of soul; the mind, the heart, the senses, and other faculties are all trained and disciplined to a certain high ideal, and this ideal is kept before the mind constantly through meditation, through prayer, and sometimes through bodily austerity. Bodily austerity is helpful in that it keeps man's primordial passions in leash, but there have been saints too weak and ill to practice austerity; yet they attained their high estate through mental discipline.

One saint was too sickly to observe the fasts and other austerities of his order; yet through perfect obedience in all things, however distasteful or objectionable, he reached his coveted "mansion in the skies." Another, bedridden through thirty years, unable to rise or perform any labor, offered her sufferings lovingly to God, contained herself in heroic patience through the tedious years, and united her pains to our Lord's, on Whose Passion she constantly meditated. A third was a busy mother and housekeeper; she had many trials, a hot-tempered husband, many children, a sick old father to keep and tend, and a dissatisfied, scolding old mother, a widowed daughter who brought her six children home when the saint was hard put to keep the wolf from the door herself, etc. She won her crown through patience,

a never-faltering trust in God, loving resignation, constant sweetness and good temper through all her adversities, and a perfect spirit of prayer.

Our own little St. Teresa, the Little Flower, herself tells us "her little way." What is that way? "The way of spiritual childhood, the way of trust and absolute self-surrender." To have no will but God's, to have one's eyes constantly fastened on Him in loving, smiling resignation, to accept all the pains and ills of this life, knowing that the Master asks us to bear them for love of Him. "To be as little children, to realize one's nothingness, to await everything from the goodness of God, to avoid being too much troubled about our faults," advises the little Teresa. That is, most carefully to avoid all that might offend this most tender Master, but not to worry too much about the little involuntary slips that He is most willing to forgive upon the slightest hint of sorrow from us.

Again, the marvelous little Saint advises us: "There is but one means of compelling God not to judge us, and that is, to appear before Him empty-handed. Lay nothing by but spend your treasures as you gain them." Which means, to gain all the merits and indulgences we can, but not to keep them for ourselves; to offer them rather "for the ransom of souls," as she puts it, for sinners, for the dying, for the faithful departed. One saint tells us that merits offered for the poor souls are returned threefold to us.

The Curé of Ars, just canonized, spent his life as a poor parish priest, his days being spent mostly in the laborious work of hearing confessions. In his later years such crowds came to him that he was obliged to remain in the confessional from morning until night, and sometimes during part of the night. Yet he never complained of weariness, though often he must have felt ready to faint from fatigue. Souls meant just one thing to him: Treasures for the coffers of Heaven. Prayer and utter devotion to his priestly duties brought him his well-merited crown.

And so we read of many—quite ordinary-seeming souls, who yet astounded those about them by the odor of their sanctity, revealed by Almighty God after their death, in the form of miracles. It is all in the state of soul; the state of life to which God has called us is no impediment to holiness. A constant striving after perfection and sinlessness, a mind constantly directed to God, a heart loving, heroic, patient, selfless. It matters not at all what sort of labor our hands do.

The Value of Sunlight

In these hot July days we have plenty of it, and to spare, but God knew what He was doing when He put this giant steen-horsepower, many-million-candle-power lamp in the heavens. Edison says that it would require 800,000 full moons to produce a day as brilliant as one of cloudless sunshine. He also says that the amount of heat we receive annually from that benevolent body is sufficient to melt a layer of ice 38 yards in thickness over the whole earth. Also, it would require a layer of coal, ten feet in thickness, laid over the surface of the

sun and ignited, to produce the heat of the sun for one hour. Were the sun a solid body of coal, it would burn up at this rate in forty-six centuries. So much for scientific.

Though only one twenty-three hundred millionth part of the sun's heat reaches the earth, think what that means on a hot July day! But it means other things as well; if it were not for the sun, we should not be alive today. Nothing would grow, man would sicken and die, and the earth would return to that unprofitable state hence the Creator first drew it. Hence, it stands to reason that the sun is our friend. Few microbes can live long in a direct ray of sunshine; hence the sun cure for tuberculosis and other diseases.

To the housewife this means much, especially as regards her home, its furnishings, the bedding, and clothing. There is a story of some bedding that was shipped to our soldiers; one commander had it sunning all day before he allowed his men to sleep on it. Another had it unrolled, and the men slept upon it just as it was. Result: The first commander's boys had no colds, while the other's all came down with colds.

The same with a house; ever notice the musty smell that permeates a room, summer or winter, that has been closed for awhile? Just so; the microbes are already at work in that room—mold, mildew, and countless others. Sunlight will kill them. Never keep a house so closed up that odors cling about the place. Let in a generous amount of sunshine, even in the summer. At least an hour each day; it is better to fade the furnishings than the roses on your children's cheeks. Carpets, especially those treated with the vacuum sweeper, which are no longer taken out for the semiannual beating and airing, need plenty of sun-air, if they are to be preserved at their best.

Feather pillows and cotton-stuffed mattresses fairly cry out for the sun; drench them in it; give all bedding a regular weekly sun bath, for we breathe upon our pillows all night, and they must not be allowed to become stale and musty, lest we draw it into our lungs. Ever notice the delicious odor emanating from sun-bathed pillows and bedding? It fairly rocks us into a deep, dreamless sleep—the sleep of health.

Of course, everyone knows about furs and woolen clothing; nothing is more hateful to moths than sunshine. Closets containing them should be emptied out periodically, scrubbed with disinfectant, and left open, and empty all day—with windows open in the room.

Recipes

FRENCH CREAM PUFFS: Put $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water in saucepan and bring to boiling point; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour (all at once) and stir vigorously. Remove from fire and add two unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered sheet, making as nearly round as possible. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven, cool, split, and fill with custard or whipped cream. If liked, they may be iced with chocolate.

SQUASH PIE: To a pint of boiled and mashed squash,

add three beaten eggs, a generous lump of butter, 1 teaspoonful of mixed spices and 1 of ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of molasses and sugar and 1 cup of rich milk. Mix well, line pan with pastry, and pour in mixture. Bake 30 to 40 minutes. This is more delicate than pumpkin pie.

Household Hints

Should the ice in your refrigerator melt all away before the iceman arrives, open the door slightly and leave that way until he comes, since food closed up tightly in a warm chamber may develop ptomaine poison germs.

When leaving on a vacation, be sure to leave all room doors, closets, and the refrigerator wide open, to assure a circulation of air in all places.

Move the piano, victrola, and bookcase, also all furniture having mirrors, away from the wall, so that no dampness may be transmitted into them from the walls, as may happen in a tightly closed house.

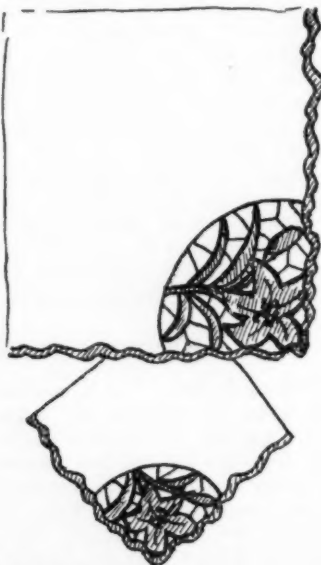
Wrap silverware in waxed paper before leaving and it will remain bright until you return.

Grease kitchen range and stovepipe with kerosene to prevent rust.

Should mirrors show signs of spoiling, better take off the backing and put in three or four thicknesses of newspapers; this will arrest the dampness.

Needlework Design

This month we give cutwork design for luncheon cloth and napkins, which will appeal equally to the new bride, or to the woman who loves dainty linen table accessories. It is in lily design, done on fine white linen, and worked all in white. The webbing which holds the lily in place, has the cloth cut out underneath, after



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the edges have all been buttonholed, and is done by running a double thread across, from edge to edge, and then whipping it round and round until it resembles a stout cord. The edges to be buttonholed are reinforced by a running stitch, which is put in place as the webbing is done, and the buttonholing is done last. The stamens in the center of lilies are in outline stitch and French knots. Price 20¢ for pattern. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 3343A S. Compton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Notice

Will Miss C. Grande, 378 Elm Str., who ordered a beaded bag pattern some months ago, please write Clare Hampton and supply name of her city, which was missing in her letter?

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No. 2396—Attractive Slip-On Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2451—Jaunty One-Piece Sports Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2412—Popular Suspender Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of binding for dress and $2\frac{1}{4}$ 40-inch for gimpes.

No. 2460—Smart Suspender Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 42-inch material for the dress with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for the blouse.

No. 2369—Jaunty Center-Front Closing Style. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

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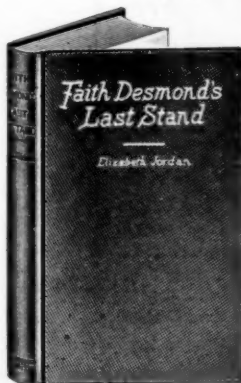
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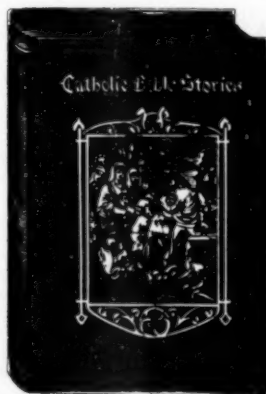
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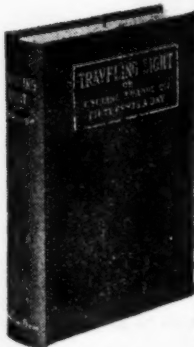
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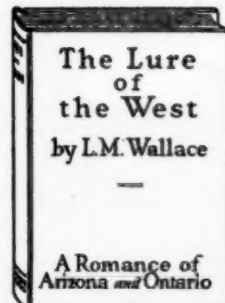
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